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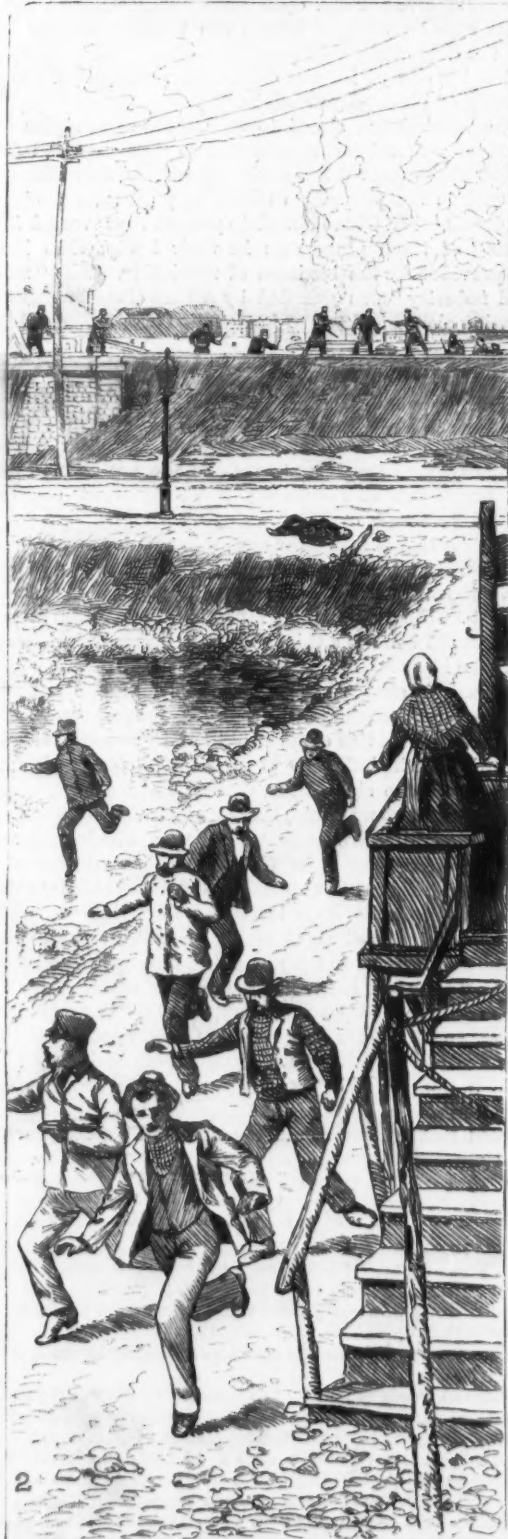


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1. Headquarters of the Pinkerton Men—Going to Dinner. 2. The Shooting of Young Hogan. 3. Detective on Guard.

NEW JERSEY.—THE STRIKE OF THE COAL-HANDLERS—SCENES ATTENDING THE RESUMPTION OF WORK, UNDER PROTECTION OF PINKERTON MEN, AT THE DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN COAL DOCKS, IN JERSEY CITY.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 407.



FRANK LESLIE'S

## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 &amp; 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1887.

## SOCIALISM AMONG LAWYERS.

THE Knights of Labor and Trades Unions do not seem to be able to prevent lawyers from taking an influential interest in the labor and capital discussion, merely by excluding them from membership. The Illinois State Bar Association, at its annual meeting in January, considered three reports: one on the right of transmission of large fortunes to one's heirs, or limiting the amount a person can take by will or descent; one on Boards of Arbitration between capital and labor; and one on strikes. If we may judge from the space occupied by these reports, as they appear in the *Chicago Legal News*, the chief attention of the Bar of Illinois is now centred on the question whether legislation can do anything towards a better adjustment of the relations of capital to labor, and if so, what? The three reports are all temperate, thoughtful, able, and indicative of a desire to make some concession, advance or grant, to the agitating labor leaders, which will acknowledge their right to be and their ground for being.

The spirit of the report in favor of limiting the amount a person can take by will or descent from the same decedent may be gathered from the following extract:

"For the purpose of illustration, we said the amount a child should take might be limited to, say \$500,000; and the amount one standing in the next degree of kinship might take, say \$100,000; that those standing in the first degree of kinship should, if the estate is sufficient, be first paid to the full amount of the limitation applicable to that degree. If there were more than sufficient to pay these, the overflow should go to those standing in the next degree of kinship with like limitation, and so on until the estate is exhausted. If there should happen to remain a surplus after satisfying all known heirs, the balance might go the State as intestate estates now do when there are no heirs, a thing that seldom happens.

"To make the statement more plain, let us suppose an estate to amount to \$1,000,000, and the heirs to be as follows: In the first degree a child, and in the second, three brothers, and in the third, ten other persons. The estate would be divided thus: \$500,000 to the child; \$100,000 each to the three brothers, and the remaining \$200,000 among the ten persons in the third degree of kinship, in equal shares, or \$20,000 to each; so that, instead of making the one child ruinously rich, four persons would have handsome fortunes, and ten would be given a good start in the world."

The defect in principle of such a Bill is that it only operates on large estates, and that it must fix some arbitrary standard or sum below which estates would be divided in one way, and above in another. This would lead to a previous contest, in many cases, over the question how much the estate was worth, which in the case of property resting on valuation might often be a litigable issue. If it be right to divide an estate of \$1,000,000 partly among collateral relatives, why would it not also be right to divide one of \$100,000 or \$10,000 in the same way? The collateral relatives would all like it better, and it would be more democratic.

If we are to socialize the descent of property at death, why not get down to the root of the matter at once and socialize the manner in which, and the persons for whom, property should be available while living? Why not extend and widen the obligations of blood and family relationship in some such way as the *familia* was widened into the *gens* under the Roman law, so as to include into one proprietary household all who were descended from the same ancestors? If a man be worth no more than \$10,000 or \$20,000, let his legal obligations be limited to providing for his wife, children and parents. If he be worth \$100,000, why should not his legal obligation extend to provision for his brothers and sisters and their children, if they are in want? Such provision should be subject to the equitable condition that he should have some direction over their time, but he should not be at liberty, as he now is, to leave his collateral relatives to starve.

The difficulty with all such socialistic plans is that they lessen individual liberty and involve society in an effort to get back from a basis of mutual equality, and consequent possible indifference, to one of reciprocal aid, and consequent rank and authority. Still, the social expediency and moral obligation of distributing one's property to collateral relatives at death cannot be more pressing than the obligation to relieve their distress while living. Yet at the death of nearly every miserly rich man, there come forward a host of needy collateral relatives whose existence he has felt under no obligation to recognize.

## THE IRISH EVICTIONS.

ENGLISHMEN, who honestly believe that their native land stands in the front rank of the civilized nations, must hang their heads with a sense of shame too deep for words at the reports of the doings in Kerry and Limerick during the past two weeks. The bare facts tell a tale that cannot be exaggerated; armed police driving families out of their poor cabins into the inclement weather; every roof or shed that offered a refuge to father and mother and helpless children leveled with the ground; and, as if this were not enough, the sticks and boards that had been a home smeared with oil and tar, and burned.

These things were done but yesterday, not by Bashibazouks in Bulgaria, but by officers of the law in the

United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the country which calls itself the home of freedom, and makes its boast that, where its flag floats, life and home and property, even of the weakest and the poorest, are inviolable. It is a fine boast, and if all other men do not believe it, it is not the fault of the English, for, like their Prince Hal, "they have damnable iteration," and they have long had the ear of the world. Unfortunately for them, these very unnamable atrocities of their rule in Ireland do not date from yesterday, but are as old as their rule.

Americans, who have read with a kind of languid curiosity some of the episodes of Irish history—the history which the London *Spectator*, twenty years ago, called "horrible"—should remember that Irishmen, when they speak of England and England's rule with something like suppressed fury, look back, in the story of their own family and in that of their friends, to numberless instances of brutality and cruelty and oppression as deliberate as those just reported from the southwest of Ireland. It is never too late to learn. Mr. Gladstone, when he advised his friends last Summer to read Irish history, virtually confessed that he had not long before made acquaintance with it. As he read, he felt remorse for England and indignation for the wrongs of Ireland, and, with the loyalty to the right which is his noblest characteristic as a public man, he gave himself entirely to the cause of Ireland, because he saw that it was the cause of justice.

To doubt the final triumph of that cause would be to doubt the existence of the God of Truth and Justice. It may be long, too long, as men judge, before the right prevails; but it will prevail. Until it does, let no man think to satisfy his mind with phrases. The unnamed peasants of Kerry and of Limerick, dying now unsheltered under the bleak sky of Winter, belong to the great host of the wronged and the innocent, whose cry goes up to Heaven against England. The rule of the typical England in the Ireland of to-day is the brutal, red-handed rule of the twelfth century, and there should be neither peace nor forgiveness for the oppressor until the wrong is righted.

## "PASSIONATE SPITE" AND THE FISHERIES.

THE recent letter of Secretary Manning, in which he justly characterizes the "brutal treatment" and "passionate spite" of Canadian officials in dealing with American fishermen, naturally makes us wish that he might, for a time at least, change places with Mr. Bayard. The country is not anxious for a vigorous foreign policy in the sense of seeking occasions of quarreling with our neighbors, or of exaggerating trifling differences with them that may arise, but it is refreshing to read at last, in an official document, a statement of some of the grievances of American fishermen, set forth in language that cannot be misapprehended.

The particular ground of Secretary Manning's complaint against the Canadian officials is their refusal to allow our fishing-vessels carrying touch-and-trade permits to enter their ports like registered vessels. This permit, he says, "is not a modern contrivance for modern exigencies, but has been on our statute-book since 1793," and during all this time it has been held by the Treasury Department that this permit gives a fishing-vessel the right to receive on board a cargo of merchandise in the same manner as if she were not engaged in the fisheries. It is a right that is freely accorded to Canadian fishermen in all the ports of the United States, and to Americans in all parts of the British possessions except in the eastern provinces of the Dominion of Canada.

The immediate occasion of the "passionate spite" of the Canadians towards American fishermen is a desire on the part of the former to force the United States into agreeing to a renewal of the regulations made at Halifax, under the Treaty of Washington, governing the taking and sale of fish in each country by citizens of the other. The United States was so incompetently represented at Halifax, that not only were the privileges secured by Canada far more valuable than those she accorded to this country, but she got from us a \$10,000,000 bonus besides. The refusal to renew this agreement when it expired has substantially ruined the Canadian fishermen by depriving them of a free market in the United States for the bulk of their catch, and their policy has been to annoy American fishermen in every conceivable way in order to make the present condition of affairs unbearable and bring about a new reciprocal arrangement.

One circumstance that makes the conduct of the Canadian officials the more exasperating is the consciousness that in the last hundred years and more no new treaty has been made, or arrangement entered into, touching the fisheries, as a result of which the United States has not surrendered some advantage previously possessed. At the close of the Revolutionary War the United States claimed, and the claim was recognized by Great Britain, the same rights in regard to fishing in Canadian waters which were possessed by the subjects of England herself. John Adams said that he would not sign the treaty on any other conditions, and the United States, upon its part, did not agree to grant reciprocal privileges. These fishing rights were a part of the prize won in the War of Independence. But in every subsequent treaty or agreement we have surrendered something which John Adams would not surrender; we have paid large sums of money for rights which already belonged to us, until it has come to pass that the Canadians

not only deny to our fishermen the customary hospitalities which their vessels receive in all our ports, but seek to extort from us the granting of privileges to them which, in the interest of our own citizens, we have a perfect right to withhold.

It is gratifying to observe that Congress, influenced probably by Secretary Manning's communication, now proposes to assert our existing rights with unmistakable emphasis. In both the Senate and House, Bills have been introduced directing the President to close American ports to Canadian vessels when he shall be satisfied that vessels from the United States are unjustly discriminated against in Dominion waters, and this has been supplemented in the House by a report from the Foreign Affairs Committee advising the enactment of the Bill for the appointment of a commission to investigate as to the losses and injuries inflicted upon American fishermen since December 31st, 1885. There ought to be no hesitation about the passage of either of these Bills, and once passed, the President should display something of Secretary Manning's spirit in the exercise of the authority with which they invest him.

## PROTECTION FOR AMERICAN AUTHORS.

IF any additional proof were needed that the theft of brains is precisely as immoral as the theft of cash, it would seem to have been furnished by the pithy arguments of James Russell Lowell before the Senate Committee on Patents at the last session. Mr. Lowell stated the case in its simplest form. If the picking of pockets is forbidden by law, the stealing of an author's means of livelihood should be prohibited. It is a very simple question, and yet the force and directness with which the cause of International Copyright has been maintained has not affected the worthy Senators who have had the matter in charge. The American Copyright League endeavored to have the Hawley Bill reported to the Senate, that it might receive fair and open discussion, and the rights of the case be brought before the public. Instead of this, the Committee on Patents reported the Chace Bill, drafted by one of its members, and practically in the interests of piratical publishers.

The Hawley Bill aimed to secure the same rights to Americans in foreign countries and to foreigners in this, and it rested upon the self-evident principle that literary productions are property entitled to protection against plunderers. Mr. Chace aimed to protect the "vested interests" of these plunderers in their booty. His Bill first provided for the business of reprinting. The "material industry" was guarded by a time clause, a manufacturing clause and a non-importation clause. Any advantage which might be derived by authors afterwards was incidental. No provision whatever was made for the protection of American authors abroad, and their protection at home was not worth mentioning.

In short, Mr. Chace, as he showed in a letter to the *Tribune* some time since, represents the barbarous idea that brains are of no value; that only what can be touched or smelt or felt has any worth in dollars and cents. He thinks that "the author has an inherent right only to the material substance of his book as a chattel, not to the ideas or form of expression; to the paper and ink, not to the thought and invention." One who steals the material book is a thief; but the literary pirate who steals the ideas and language does nothing wrong. This, we repeat, is simple barbarism. The highest legal authorities have recognized the right of property in ideas, and the equity of this claim ought not to require further discussion. The influence of piratical publishers is undoubtedly on the side of Mr. Chace; but we trust, when the matter comes up again, that considerations of decency and justice will have some weight with our legislators. The American Copyright League has asked that the Hawley and Chace Bills should be exhibited side by side, and this should be done to enforce the point "whether the author's natural right to his book is a right to the thought or a right to the paper." Moreover, legislators may well bear in mind that the writers of this country do harder and more exhausting work, and that in proportion to their mental power they are more poorly paid, than the members of any other profession. If there is any sincerity in the cry of protection for home industries, American authors should receive that protection, and be enabled to obtain it in other countries by a reciprocity of privileges.

## MARRYING FOR INFAMY.

MISS NINA VAN ZANDT, of Chicago, has achieved notoriety by proposing herself in marriage to Mr. August Spies, the condemned Anarchist. As a route to fame, this new short-cut compares favorably with going down Niagara Rapids in a barrel, securely corked up with a brother-in-law, or jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge, with a large amount of wadding in the seat of one's pantaloons.

Miss Van Zandt is said to be descended from a wealthy Pittsburgh family, and would incur some risk of losing her patrimony if she should achieve her contemplated scheme of matrimony. She declares she has never read a dime novel, and has not the least touch of romance in her composition. She began to make love to Spies while he was on trial, and seems to have carried her suit by storm, in a subsequent visit to the jail. Spies submits to her predetermined bent apparently with Anarchistic resignation and doomed acquiescence.

Since the girl has read no dime novels and is not actuated by a spirit of gay and giddy romance, it must be inferred that she is a social philosopher; reads Carl Marx, Grünlund, Bokounin and Henry George; believes that the millennium will be brought in by



killing off a few policemen and profit-makers—that a general assassination of aristocrats will make all men equal, and a clean sweep of landlords will give everybody a title-deed to the house he lives in. In this point of view, marriage would be simply Miss Van Zandt's way of enlisting in a great and noble cause.

The most fearful responsibility ever incurred by the great capitalists was when they brought two looms and spindles together in the same building, and so took away from girls like Nina Van Zandt the absolute bliss of being of some use. People may ridicule Miss Van Zandt's desire to serve the world heroically by becoming chief cook and bottle-holder to a supposed hero, before she has experience or discernment enough to know the fine distinction between a hero and a dead-beat, or between a saint suffering for land reform and an assassin shooting a policeman. But, we venture to ask, what else that looks like heroism can she do? Spinning, knitting, weaving, making of garments of any kind for herself or others, cooking, washing, scrubbing, ironing, or any other sphere of actual usefulness, have been excluded from Miss Van Zandt's possible mental scope by the fact that she has been educated as an American lady, and no American lady is permitted to learn anything useful. Shut up to music, drawing, dancing, and a thin film of French and German, there is no particular reason why a young lady should not be easily converted to the doctrine that Political Economy finds its ultimate climax in Thugism. If she first makes her acquaintance with Political Economy when she sees the Political Economist on trial as a Thug for killing the police in order to inaugurate a higher social civilization, the brilliancy of such an idea is interesting, to begin with. If the economist in question is a low-browed, shaggy-haired philosopher, with legs like a Russian traveling saint and a chest like the brisket of an ox, his views upon the land question become positively charming. If he has never done a day's work in his life, he is so noble a champion of labor. But if he is about to be hanged, he is just too sweet for anything.

All parts of the country, as well as Chicago, are harried by these brainless girls, from whom civilization has thus far withheld the glad utilities of toil and the sensible influences of work. They are absolutely ignorant of everything that could make them of the least use to anybody for any purpose. But if a prisoner is under sentence for assailing young girls, or for murdering some woman whom he has previously assailed, or for throwing dynamite among the police or vitriol at the theatre-goers, these mandarin "sheas" come trooping through the prison-doors to solace the brute with flowers, to present him with embroidered slippers, or to crave the privilege of sewing for him a silk morning-gown, probably the first garment they ever had industry or opportunity to make.

No statute has yet been passed making extreme silliness a misdemeanor, or providing that a girl who is an unconscionable fool may be sent up for six months, together with her accessories before and after the fact.

But for the sake of Spies, who may possibly get his sentence reversed, and who ought not, in case he does, to have Nina inflicted upon him for the rest of his life, it is well that the Chicago Sheriff has refused peremptorily to admit Miss Van Zandt to the jail, unless she comes there on business of her own as a prisoner. This she can effect by throwing a dynamite bomb at a policeman in her own right. But to get a dower in the infamy of an assassin by marrying him in order to survive him is a boon which Miss Van Zandt is still yearning for with hope delayed.

#### THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.

THOUGH the race be not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, the victory is tolerably sure to rest with the most persistent. "Pound away, gentlemen," said one of England's doughtiest generals; "we'll see who can pound longest." The women who are assembled in convention at Washington this week seem likely to prove that they can pound longest.

It is many a year since the agitation for woman suffrage was begun in great weakness, and for a long time it gained notice chiefly through the prodigious amount of amusement it afforded to the scoffers. But the women, nothing daunted, kept on agitating, persuading, proselytizing, piling up arguments, pounding away; and now, with a favorable majority report to their petition in the Senate, and a favorable minority report in the House, with no less eminent an advocate for their cause than Senator Hoar, it has come to be only a question of time when, for good or ill, the Sixteenth Amendment will be submitted to the States for their consideration.

The effect of this agitation has been noteworthy, although up to this time it has failed to secure its desired end. It may seriously be questioned, even by the most ardent advocates of the measure, whether women, as a body, will gain as much from the suffrage, when they obtain it, as has been gained for them through the agitation caused by its withholding: the investigation into the social, legal and industrial status of women; the careful collection of statistics and the sifting and collation of facts which have been its consequence. All recent investigations of social scientists into the condition of women, all organized movements for her protection from fraud or imposition or cruelty, all discussion of her rights and wrongs, whether looking towards the ballot or not, may be traced with more or less directness to the woman suffrage movement. Those women whose names, a generation ago, were a scoffing and a byword even to good women, builded far better than they knew; and whether or not they ever establish the right of women to vote, they will have accomplished—~~they~~ have already very nearly accomplished—that for which they have been working. In comparison with that enfranchisement which they have already made certain, the electoral franchise seems of slight and very subordinate importance.

Still, having built so far, they will scarcely rest satisfied until they have completed their edifice, and have brought forth the top stone thereof with shouting. They will unquestionably keep pounding away until the Amendment is submitted to the States. Once there, its fate rests entirely in the good pleasure of the voters, the men. All that the women can do is to influence their minds. It is not so hard a task as that which they undertook in the outset, to convert good women to their views; and having very nearly accomplished this, they will doubtless meet the other duty fearlessly.

#### STATISTICS OF LABOR.

AS a literary performance, the "Summary of the Fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor," just submitted to the New York Legislature, will not bear a very close inspection; but we see no reason to doubt that Commissioner Peck has discharged with conscientious fidelity the perplexing duties of his office. If he does not in every instance hold the scales of justice in fair and equal poise, no doubt he intended in good faith to do so. If in cases of doubt he generally leans to the weaker side, that is no more than we should have expected; nor, under the circumstances, is it strange that he seems keenly aware that strikers have votes, and should therefore be handled with caution.

The investigation of strikes, lock-outs and boycotts, begun in

1885, has been continued during the past year; while arbitration, shorter hours, half-holidays, and such other points of the labor question as have fixed public attention, have also received incidental notice. The apprenticeship system especially has been duly considered, and a great mass of statistics relating thereto has been gathered. The strikes of the last year number 1,900, nearly ten times as many as in the year before, when the returns were no doubt less complete. The Commissioner complains of the unwillingness of some of the labor unions to co-operate heartily and zealously with the Bureau in imparting information, and makes a strong appeal to them for such co-operation in future. In spite of this and other obstacles, however, the Bureau has performed fully tenfold the amount of work ever before undertaken.

The Commissioner urges the importance of an annual industrial census of the State as a means of gathering the information necessary to intelligent action in respect to the relations of capital and labor. For this purpose he thinks an annual appropriation of \$25,000 sufficient. Manual training-schools are strongly recommended as a means of preparing young men to become skilled workers and artisans.

In examining the subject of apprenticeship, it has been shown that the large majority of our tradesmen and mechanics are foreigners. In many trade and industrial establishments there is not a single American at work. Nearly all positions of trust and responsibility in the mechanical departments are in the hands of foreigners; and most of the boys and young men learning trades are either foreign-born or the sons of foreign-born workers. The Commissioner says that "most of the labor troubles of the last few years have been precipitated, not by whole trades, but by sections of them; and that these sections were largely controlled by foreigners, or natives who had, from association, imbibed foreign ideas on the labor question."

The losses from strikes, both to laborers and employers, during the last year, were enormous. The losses of the first-named are estimated at \$2,858,191, and those of the last can scarcely have been less. Here, certainly, is a motive for a fair settlement of the differences between the parties, and we have no doubt that in time such settlements will be generally and promptly reached. The statistics show that some strikes of the year failed by the bungling management of officers and committees who knew little or nothing about the business which they attempted to regulate. In most of these cases the men were not actual workers at the trade or calling they undertook to decide upon. "These fellows," says the Commissioner, "are really the enemies of organized labor. Happily their numbers and influence are decreasing, and it is the hope of the Bureau to be able, at a not too distant day, to chronicle the extinction of the noxious tribe." To which we add our hearty Amen.

ONE of the amusing features of recent labor troubles has been a boycott of the organ of the Knights of Labor in New York. The price of this paper, the *Leader*, was raised to the newsboys, who thereupon held an indignation meeting, struck, and resolved to enforce a boycott. They gathered before the publication office, shouted, "Boycott the *Leader*!" exhibited placards bearing the same legend, and urged war upon newsboy "scabs." The boycott was successful, and the trustees of the paper returned to the old prices. How palatable the Knights found their own medicine has not been made known.

THE Baldwin Locomotive Works have built 4,000 locomotives in the last ten years, and exported 900 of them to foreign countries—700 to South America. They have driven the English builders out of New Zealand by furnishing a better engine for \$1,000 each less than is charged by the British builders. This will probably be news to a majority of our readers, but it is a fact that many American manufactured products are already winning their way in foreign markets in spite of the supposed disadvantages under which this country lies on account of the high cost of labor and raw material. American mechanics are bound to become dangerous competitors of the English everywhere, when they once get started. Already the long-continued depression of business in Great Britain is attributed to this, and rightly, as we believe.

"Does he know anything about the duties of the place?" asked Secretary Lamar of a Senator who was urging the appointment of a friend to a place in the Interior Department, the other day. "No, but he can learn," was the reply. "Well," said the Secretary, "I don't know much about my duties, either, and am learning; and until I get learned I'm not going to remove any more of the fellows who do know." In that remark Mr. Lamar set forth one of the strongest arguments in favor of Civil Service Reform. The people, who pay the salaries of the clerks in Washington, care very little whether they voted the Republican or the Democratic ticket; but they do care whether these men earn the money that is paid them or not. What the Government needs in subordinate places is men who know, if they are honest, and not men who can learn.

A MILLION dollars is a pretty solid basis to found a new university upon, and, with its advantages of situation and by the aid of the wealthy and influential friends that Jonas Gilman Clark's generosity is certain to attract to it, we have no doubt that the great institution of learning to be founded at Worcester, Mass., will in time take foremost rank among the colleges in the country. We are not of those who lament the multiplication of universities in this country, or sigh for an American Oxford or Cambridge. A tight little island like England can afford to group her colleges together at two centres; but in America, without local jealousies, every section demands that it shall have its own seat of learning, which shall send out its benignant influence into the country immediately surrounding it. And every new institution, established on a firm foundation, wisely laid, only makes the demand for opportunities of culture the greater, and helps those already established. We look for the largest measure of usefulness from Clark University.

THE death of General Hazen, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, has caused renewed discussion of the proposition to dissolve the connection of the Weather Bureau with the military establishment and attach it to the Interior Department. The making, recording and discussion of meteorological observations is no part of the legitimate duties of the Signal Corps of the Army. It was originally made so simply because when certain distinguished scientists first conceived the idea of establishing a Weather Bureau it was impossible to make the average Congressman see the utility of it, or to induce him to vote an appropriation for it. But the same men could be persuaded to increase the annual allowance for the Signal Corps, and in this way, with a few thousands of dollars that were granted for weather observations, General Meyer, who was then Chief Signal Officer, was able to show how valuable such a Bureau might be made. During the last ten years, in spite of the gigantic stealing of Captain Howgate, Congress has been very generous in its treatment of the Weather Bureau, and would as readily vote money for it if attached to the Interior Department as though provided

over by an Army officer. The only question for Congress to determine now is whether the service can be made efficient, for the same money, under a civil as under a military head. Can equally good service be secured from civil observers, for the same money, as from enlisted men specially instructed? We doubt it.

THE Bills granting pensions to Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Blair, widow of General Frank Blair, have met with a defeat in the House Committee on Invalid Pensions. Their rejection seems to us justifiable. On sentimental grounds, the pleasantest course would be to favor such pensions, although it is very doubtful whether President Cleveland would sign the Bills if passed. The only precedents are the cases of Farragut, Hancock, Thomas and Grant, and the Democrats of the Committee hold that it would be bad policy to follow these precedents, in view of the fact that there are about one hundred surviving widows of officers who would thereby be entitled to pensions. The committee vote was strictly upon party lines, but we think the Democrats right. If General Logan had died in the service, or if his death had been directly caused by the effects of his campaigns, the case would have been different. But for over twenty years since the war he had been actively engaged in peaceful pursuits. Mrs. Logan will not be allowed to want. Over \$60,000 has already been raised for her by subscription. Under all the circumstances, it seems proper to call a halt in the indiscriminate award of pensions, and we believe that the sober second thought of the country will approve the Democratic position.

ANOTHER instance of the abuse of the "interview" has recently come to light, the victim himself being in this case a journalist, as well as a poet and dramatic critic. It appears that Mr. William Winter was approached by a young man who introduced himself as the son of an old acquaintance, and asked for an "interview" upon "Bohemia in New York," to be published in the *Boston Herald*. Mr. Winter positively declined to say anything for publication. But, as he says, he made the mistake of telling his visitor some of his reasons in order to avoid wounding the young man's feelings, and explaining that the subject of "old Bohemia" never had any importance, and is now obsolete and irredeemably stupid. Talking thus, as he supposed in confidence, concerning his old associates, Mr. Winter was righteously indignant when he found that all he said was published. "In making an article out of my friendly talk, and using my name to guarantee it, this youth has violated my confidence, broken his word, and done offense to good feelings and good manners," Mr. Winter's anger is fully justified. It is a disgrace that men connected with journalism should, as he says, "consider themselves exempt from the ordinary obligations of honor and propriety;" and all journalists suffer in consequence of conduct which should cause the instant discharge of the offender by any reputable editor.

MR. ERNEST CROSBY has introduced in the New York Assembly a High License Bill, drawn by Judge Armon, Judge Peabody and Austin Abbott, in behalf of the Church Temperance Society of New York. For cities of 300,000 inhabitants or over, licenses are divided into six classes. A license to sell liquor of any kind is to cost \$1,000; a license to sell wine or beer will cost \$500; one to sell beer will cost \$100, and a druggist's license can be had for \$10. The last requires a certificate from the buyer that the liquor is to be used for medicinal, mechanical or manufacturing purposes. Perhaps this would be the weak point of the Bill. When prohibitory laws have been enacted, it has usually been found that drugstore business has mysteriously increased. It might be well to augment the license fee for drugstores, and, in any case, many of them will probably require careful watching. But this Bill represents, as we believe, the most effective way of dealing with the liquor question. We have at various times discussed the practical working of High License, and a comparison of its results with those of Prohibition has been to its advantage. No reasonable man can dissent from the propositions that the Rum Power in New York should be placed under some restraint, and that Prohibition here is impossible. There remains High License, and we trust that the Press and the temperate public will enforce upon the Legislature the wisdom and necessity of passing this Bill.

THE country will be pained to learn that, although Secretary Manning spends several hours daily at the Treasury Department, and is nominally performing the duties of his office, there is little reason to hope for the recovery of his health so that he will be able again to put into the administration of the Treasury any of that vigor and strength that marked the first few months of his official service. He is unable, so it is reported, even to sign his own name without assistance, and he is obliged to leave the management of the affairs of his office almost exclusively to his subordinates. Mr. Manning is the victim of a system to which has been sacrificed the health, if not the lives, of more than one Secretary. Fifty years ago, before the operations of the Treasury Department had grown to their present vast proportions, it was possible for a man of rugged constitution to master its details, and the name of a Secretary upon an official paper might reasonably be expected to indicate his personal acquaintance with the subject to which it referred. Now, simply to write his name upon all the official documents that legally require his signature, without stopping to inquire as to their contents, to say nothing of passing judgment upon them, is a tax upon a Secretary's physical strength as great as most men are able to endure. But Secretary Manning tried to do more than this. He conscientiously put his personality into his work—and broke down under it. The system ought to be changed.

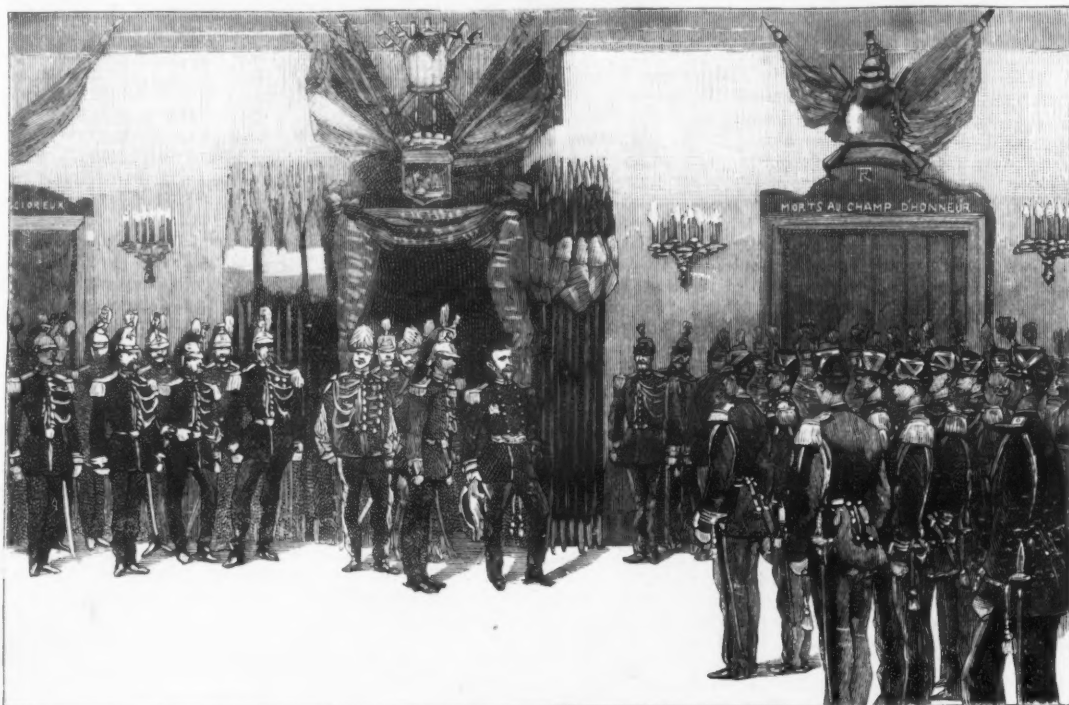
THE women who form the Brooklyn Committee of the New York State Woman's Suffrage Society, while they do not propose giving up that agitation, are about to employ their talents in another and a very commendable direction. The new movement is an eminently practical one, having for its object the formation of a society for the protection of females employed in factories and workshops. The shocking evidence elicited at the recent trial and conviction of a factory foreman in Brooklyn for assaulting a working-girl led to the formation of the Society, which is to be incorporated under the laws of the State. A provision that only authorized representatives of the Society shall be admitted into factories to inquire into the condition of female employees will be embodied in the Act of Incorporation, thus placing the officers of the Society on the same footing with those of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Already many ladies who would decline to be identified with the Woman's Suffrage agitation have announced their intention of uniting with the new Society. The movement is a worthy one, and deserves to succeed. The indignities to which working-girls are sometimes subjected by foremen and others in factories are but partially known to the public, the facts in cases like that recently tried in Brooklyn being only rarely published. If the Society shall be properly managed it cannot fail to accomplish a great good in protecting respectable female workers and in raising the moral tone of others.



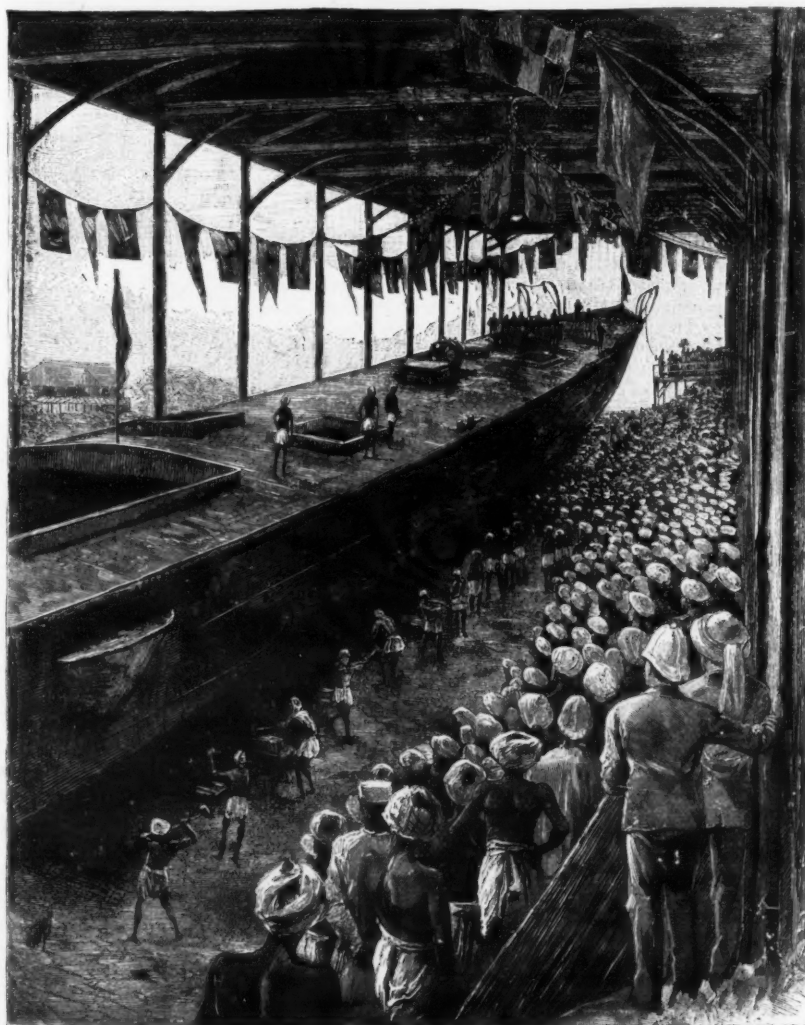
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 407.



FRANCE.—RÉNÉ GOBLET, PREMIER.



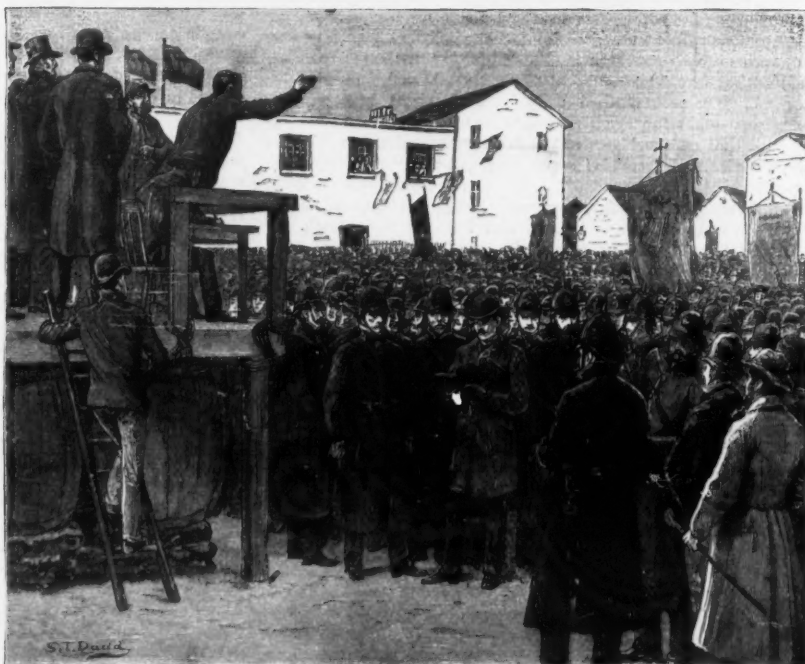
FRANCE.—INAUGURATION OF THE REPUBLICAN GUARD'S HALL OF HONOR, BY GENERAL BOULANGER.

M. Gekoff. M. Kaltcheff. M. Stoiloff.  
ENGLAND.—THE TRAVELING BULGARIAN DEPUTATION.

BURMAH.—NATIVES LAUNCHING THE FLOTILLA COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP "DUFFERIN."



PORTUGAL.—FIELDING'S TOMB IN THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY AT LISBON.

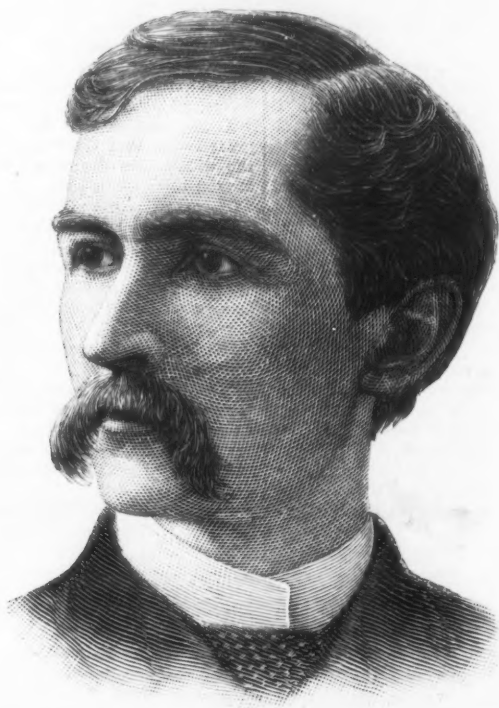


IRELAND.—GUARDING A GOVERNMENT REPORTER AT A "PLAN OF CAMPAIGN" MEETING.





ILLINOIS.—HON. CHARLES B. FARWELL, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT.  
PHOTO. BY PIETZ, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.



ARKANSAS.—HON. HUGH A. DINSMORE, UNITED STATES MINISTER AND CONSUL-GENERAL TO COREA.  
PHOTO. BY PARKER.



MASSACHUSETTS.—JONAS G. CLARK, FOUNDER OF CLARK UNIVERSITY AT WORCESTER.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY MORA.—SEE PAGE 406.

HON. CHARLES B. FARWELL,  
U. S. SENATOR-ELECT FROM ILLINOIS.

THE Republicans of the Legislature of Illinois have chosen as the successor of the lamented General John A. Logan in the United States Senate a thorough business man and an experienced legislator—the Hon. Charles B. Farwell, of Chicago. Mr. Farwell was born at Painted Post, N.Y., July 1st, 1823. He received his education in the Elmira Academy, and removed to Illinois with his father in 1838. He was employed in surveying the public lands, and in farming, for six years. In 1844 he went to Chicago, where he secured a place as Deputy County Clerk, and afterwards entered a real estate office. In 1849 he became corresponding clerk in the banking-house of that noted Scotchman George Smith, whose banking-houses in Milwaukee, Chicago, and other places in the West, in those times and for many years afterwards, were known throughout the world. He remained in this place until December, 1853, when

he for the first time entered the political arena as a candidate for County Clerk, to which office he was twice elected. Subsequently Mr. Farwell became engaged in mercantile pursuits. The war gave him a chance to invest the money he had accumulated, and he began to grow rich. In 1864 he purchased an interest in the drygoods house of his brother, John V. Farwell, and his tremendous energy built up for the firm an enormous business, which it retains to the present time. Mr. Farwell is rated as a millionaire several times over.

In 1867 Mr. Farwell was appointed a member of the State Board of Equalization. The following year he was chosen Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Cook County; in 1869, National Bank Examiner. In 1870 he was elected a Representative from the Chicago district to the Forty-second Congress. Notwithstanding bitter opposition, he was re-elected in 1872, and again in 1874. Four years later he again came forward as a candidate for Congress, and was again elected. His service in the lower house was creditable alike to him and

to the district he represented. Since his last term in Congress he has held himself as being out of politics, though he was in 1885 a candidate for the nomination as Senator against General Logan.

Personally, Mr. Farwell is a man of medium stature, rather thick-set, and with a shrewd, determined-looking face. Coolness and determination are, perhaps, his leading characteristics.

HUGH A. DINSMORE,

U. S. MINISTER AND CONSUL-GENERAL TO COREA.

HUGH ANDERSON DINSMORE, the recently appointed Minister to the far-away Kingdom of Corea, was born in Benton County, Ark., on Christmas Eve, 1850. His father was a native of Pennsylvania, and a graduate of Washington College in that State, from which he emigrated to Madison County, Ky., where he followed the profession of a teacher for several years. In 1848 he

removed to Arkansas, where he prospered until the late Civil War, which left him penniless. The son, then but fifteen years of age, went to work bravely to earn his own living, meanwhile seizing every opportunity to get an education, and by 1877 he had so qualified himself as to secure the appointment of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Benton County, which he held and filled acceptably up to 1874. This position was a good school for him in acquiring a knowledge of law, and in two years' time he was admitted to practice at the Bar. He located at Fayetteville, Ark., and practiced his profession in partnership with the Hon. J. D. Walker (subsequently a United States Senator) until the Autumn of 1878, when he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of the Fourth Judicial District, a position which he held for three consecutive terms.

Mr. Dinsmore was nominated a Cleveland and Hendricks Elector in 1884; he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Representative in Congress from his district in 1886, but was



1. Former Headquarters of General Custer. 2. The Fort.

DAKOTA.—VIEW OF FORT ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ON THE WEST BANK OF THE MISSOURI RIVER, FIVE MILES BELOW BISMARCK.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY BARRY.—SEE PAGE 407.



defeated by the then and present member of Congress, S. W. Peel, by only a few votes. Personally, Mr. Dinsmore is a tall, bright young gentleman, with brown eyes and light-brown hair; active in brain and motion; fluent of speech and quick at repartee; and it is believed that in his new position as Minister and Consul-general to Corea, he will do credit to himself and the Government.

#### ONE FACE.

ONE face looks up from every page.  
From snowy cloud or tranquil sea;  
One face that can all woes assuage,  
Dearer than all the world to me.

The eyes are mild, the brow is fair;  
The voice is sweet as song of bird;  
How oft my hand upon the hair  
Has rested, with no spoken word.

The years will come and go again;  
Their joys and sorrows they will trace  
On lip, and brow, and busy brain;  
And Heaven will hold that one dear face.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

#### HER ROMANCE.

THERE were only two of them left now in the lighthouse—the old keeper and his granddaughter, a woman of thirty-five. And it is her romance I am about to write.

Her romance! God save the mark! What the world terms "romance" is too often the death of a soul—the destruction of all faith, hope and joy—leaving a soulless body to stumble along life's pathway, guided only by a blank despair that numbs every faculty and kills all emotion.

Jean Valentine—that was her name—was the daughter of the only child of old Klept, the lighthouse-keeper, and a sailor lad, Jack Valentine. Jack Valentine was wrecked in sight of his wife, two years after their marriage, as she watched with a telescope from the tower the struggle of her husband and his brave crew with the awful storm. The ship went down, and all on board were drowned. Bessie Valentine died with grief, and little Jean was left, at the tender age of one year, to her maternal grandparents. They endowed her with a double portion of love, and under their fostering care she grew into winsome womanhood, beautiful beyond compare, with her red-gold waves of hair, her complexion like pink-tinted marble, her eyes of golden-brown, her lissom form.

At the age of ten she was sent inland, and for eight years she was kept closely at school, visiting her grandparents frequently, and at each visit growing visibly more beautiful to these fond people.

When she was eighteen she graduated with the highest honors. Afterwards she had many of her schoolmates to visit her, and she had also many suitors. But she remained heart-free.

"No, grandfather, I love none of them, and I will never marry a man I do not love."

"You are right, lass; but we are getting old, mother and I, and I fain would leave you to the care of a good man before we leave you for aye."

Jean clung to his neck.  
"Grandfather, do not talk of that. It is true I shall be all alone when you are gone," her voice faltering; "but I am not incapable of earning my own living."

"There will be no necessity for that, thank God! for I have saved a goodly sum, and there will be none to share it with you."

Jean patted his leathery cheek.

"Let the future take care of itself," she smiled, so the time slipped by, till she was in her twenty-fifth year.

One night there came a fearful storm. The light in the tower required constant watching, and Jean was with her grandfather.

Suddenly above the roar of the storm came a cry of human distress.

The inmates of the tower looked at each other with blanching faces.

"A man's voice!" breathed old Klept. "Jean, do you think you can tend the light alone while I go down to the foot of the tower-stairs?"

Jean looked at him with glistening eyes.

"Dear grandfather, I will go! I am young and strong, and you might be blown away!"

"Tut! tut!" began the old man, but the door clanged to with a hollow sound, and he was alone. Jean had gone out into the storm!

The light required close attention then, and he was forced to turn to it, trusting that the God of Storms would care for the brave girl.

Clinging tightly to the iron railing, Jean crept down the tower-stairs, descending swiftly on that side where the wind did not blow, but holding her breath sharply and keeping a desperate hold on the side where the storm seemed angrily determined to sweep her into the raging waters beneath. In the downward light of a lantern, that hung at the foot of the stairs, she saw a white face lifted upward.

It was a man clinging desperately to a chain that dropped from the bottom step, but so exhausted by the struggle with the waves, he could only cling there, looking helplessly upward.

Brave Jean reached down with her strong white arm and carefully drew in the chain. His head touched the stairway. Reaching cautiously up with one hand, he touched the resolute arm of the woman who was trying to save him.

"I have no free hand to give you. With one I am holding on, with the other I am holding your chain. Put an arm about my waist, and I will save you."

The voice sounded like an angel's to the drowning man, but no touch of awe prevented him from obeying her; and as she slowly rose from her recumbent posture, his body came up with hers, and—he was saved!

"Can you go up a little higher, till we reach a door?" she asked, grasping his arm firmly.

"Oh, yes!" he murmured.

She drew him steadily onward till the designated door was reached. Here the wind did not blow.

"Grandmother," Jean said, as she opened the door and entered, bringing with her a dripping man, "get some blankets and something hot. I will just run up and relieve grandfather's fears about me, then I will return."

With no further explanation, she was gone, leaving her half-dazed grandmother alone with the half-drowned man.

"You are wet?" she could only say, touching his arm as he sank on a sofa.

"Yes," he answered, with chattering teeth, which sound restored her scattered faculties.

She brought at once a generous supply of brandy, which the shivering man gulped down greedily.

Opportunist, old Klept entered. The man was divested of his wet clothing and wrapped in warm blankets. Hepsy, the maid, and her mistress, prepared a bed in the adjoining room, and the invalid was soon installed therein.

Jean remained alone in the tower all night, for the sick man developed fever rapidly, and the three down-stairs were too busy to think of relieving her.

At daybreak her old grandfather went up to her. She lay, wrapped up in a long gray cloak, fast asleep on a hard bench.

"My poor lass! Go to your bed now," he said, gently touching her pink cheek.

"How is he?" she asked, drowsily opening her eyes. Evidently the stranger had visited her dreams.

"He is quite ill; but do not fret. Go to your room at once. He is young and strong, and will recover."

Once in her bed, Jean slept dreamlessly. At noon she rose, donned a close-fitting dove-colored dress—for it was a March day, still blustering with last night's storm—and descended to the sitting-room, where she had left the half-drowned stranger. Mrs. Klept dozed peacefully by the fire, but no one else was visible. She started briskly awake as Jean entered.

"And how is your patient, grandma?"

"In a raging fever," answered Mrs. Klept, sitting up and slowly rubbing her wrinkled hands together. "Jim—the assistant keeper—managed to get back from the mainland this morning, and is attending to outdoor matters, while your grandpa is sitting with the stranger. Hepsy—who was Jim's wife—has washed and ironed his clothes, and I brushed and dried his coat the best I could. Here are some things I found in the pockets"—handing Jean a silver cardcase and a fine white silk handkerchief from her workbasket.

"There were plenty of business letters, too," she added, as Jean carefully opened the cardcase and read the name "Dorset Comstock," engraved inside as well as on the heavy cream-tinted cards. The handkerchief was handsomely embroidered with the same name. Jean looked up. Her grandmother was regarding her curiously.

"What do you think?"

"That he is a gentleman," Jean responded, briefly.

"But where did he come from?"

"That he will have to answer himself—when he can. May I go in and see him?"

She rose, half hesitatingly.

"It will not harm him," answered Mrs. Klept.

And Jean stood at the bedside of the sick man. His violet eyes stared blankly at her; a golden mustache was drawn by the twitching mouth away from the gleaming teeth; the soft blonde hair clung dankly to his white brow. In spite of his illness, he looked like a storied Viking.

"Is he very ill, grandfather?" Jean asked, in subdued tones.

"A great deal of fever, but he will soon rally, I hope."

"Would it not be best for Jim to go for a doctor?" solicitously.

"He will recover just as quickly without one," the old man affirmed, confidently.

Jean sighed.

"Is there nothing I can do?"

"Nothing, lass. Do not distress yourself—he will come out all right."

Jean reluctantly left the room.

By the next day Dorset Comstock's fever had abated, and but that he felt sore and bruised, in a few days he was well, with a feeling of languor, however, that kept him pale but interesting.

He was surprised to find in this rough lighthouse such a rarely beautiful woman as this Jean Valentine, who made his convalescence so agreeable.

She had a cultivated voice, and read to him; then, when he was able to creep into the sitting-room where her piano was, she would sing softly to him for any length of time that he demanded, he lying with his kingly figure outstretched upon a sofa.

Soon he knew every detail of her life, and he vouchsafed the following:

He was a Virginian of some means and family. The night he was rescued so bravely by this woman, who had begun to listen closely to his every word, he had been out in a sailboat, which had capsized in the storm just as the tower-light flashed out, and he had tried valiantly to swim to it—with what success we have seen.

Two weeks more passed ere he felt strong enough to leave this abode which had so kindly sheltered him.

"Miss Jean, will you go up into the tower with me this morning for the last time? You know Jim rows me to the inland to-day."

Jean looked up with a half-startled air.

"To-day?" she murmured. "I had forgotten. Yes, I will go."

Crossing the bridge that spanned the short space between the house and the tower proper, she stood back and allowed him to begin the ascent.

"Go on—I am close behind you," she explained, as he stood still and offered her his hand.

"Ah! yes, I should remember how you climbed these stairs two weeks ago. I was not very strong then," he laughed.

She gave an answering laugh, but there was a strange quaver in its sweetness.

At last they stood in the room which held the great lamps that threw their light so far across the wide waste of waters which broke booming around the tower's base.

They stood at the window that faced the south. A fresh breeze rustled in at the sash which Jean opened, and lifted the ruddy waves of her hair, tinting her face with a pink bloom.

"How fair it all looks to-day!" she murmured, leaning out and turning her gold-brown eyes to her companion.

His hand closed convulsively over her strong, white arm.

"Jean, do not!" he muttered.

"Why?" and she drew back into the room, with a strange flutter at her heart.

"It is dangerous," he said, half harshly, but meeting her startled gaze with a lurid light in his eyes.

"What is dangerous?" she questioned.

"Your position—and mine!"

She laughed unrestrainedly.

"There is no danger at all, for there is a stout iron platform all about the tower, and if I were to fall out, I certainly should not draw you with me."

But he drew her further in.

"You do not understand, my—darling!" and before she could resist or utter a protest, his long arms were about her supple form, her red-gold hair was floating over his shoulder, and he had kissed her face, brow, hair, cheeks and lips. "Jean—oh, God!—I had meant to go away and not tell you, but now it is too late!" he said, hoarsely, staring into the starry depths of her brown eyes.

But Jean leaned against his broad breast, well content, every pulse thrilling, little shivers of delight shaking her frame.

He had come at last, her king! Why should he go away?

"Dorset," she murmured low, "I do not understand."

"No. God be thanked, my beloved, that you do not understand man's villainy!" But then he kissed her again so hotly, she had no time to hear his words, much less understand them.

"Why should you go away?" she inquired.

"Jean, do you love me?" he asked, impetuously.

"With my whole heart—with my whole soul—with every fibre of my being!" Then she lifted herself from his arms, put her two hands on his shoulders, and gazed straight into his soul.

"Dorset, I am not a young girl—I am almost twenty-five—but no man has ever kissed me before—I have loved no man before!"

He groined aloud.

"My love, my darling! And I must leave you!"

"But why?" she demanded.

"My honor bids me depart."

"Dorset!"

"Love, I cannot explain why; but to-day we must part. You are dearer to me than my soul—ay, how willingly I would give my soul for you—but—we may not marry!"

Her face blanched to a deadly hue.

"Dorset, you talk in riddles; but this I know, love—if you go away from me, I shall die!"

"No, dear, no. Nature is not so merciful as that. Would to God I had died two weeks ago!"

She drooped away from him like a blasted lily, and sank stupidly on the seat that ran round the whole of the tower-room.

Then he folded his arms tightly across his breast as if to keep them away from her drooping form, and gazed steadfastly at her.

"Jean, can you forgive me?"

"For what? Because I love you?" she asked, dully.

"No, love, no! But because I love *you*!" he exclaimed, unloosing his arms and tossing them wildly above his head.

"Yes, it is strange you should love me."

He knelt impetuously at her feet, lifting one of her limp hands to his lips.

"Darling, I would rather have you love than a queen's dower, but I have no right to accept it."

"Why?" she asked, mechanically.

He groined again, as if his heart were rent in twain.

"I cannot tell you why. Love, when we part, try to think of me as forgivingly as you can—try to think I did not win your love purposely—oh, try to think I am not a villain!"

She smiled wanly.

"You are my heart's king!"

"So unworthy! so unworthy!" he muttered, rising to his feet. She leaned faintly against the wall.

"Are you going now?"

"No, dear, not till Jim says he is ready; but—let us say Good-by now."

She shrank away from his outstretched hand.

"I have said Good-by in my heart—Good-by to youth, hope, faith and love."

He strode up and down the room twice.

"Jean! Jean!" he muttered, frenziedly.

She stood at his side, touching his arm with her strong white hand.

"Dorset! You suffer!"

"Ay! The tortures of the damned!"

"It would be best for us to go down now."

"Yes!" and the man followed the woman's lead. She stopped at her own door.

"Now you must leave me. I shall see you—no more." She faltered over the last word, but held her head erect, her gold-brown eyes swimming in a blinding mist. The blood was thundering in her ears. She seemed to be going mad. "Some day you will tell me why you went?" she questioned, wistfully.

He laid one hand on her shoulder, and with the

other drew her face to his, kissing it as if she were dead, reverently and solemnly.

"Yes." Then he opened the door for her, and closed it as she entered in, shut from his eyes for ever.

Then he went away.

Jim returned in three hours with a white face and shaking hands.

"Mr. Klept, I have awful news for you."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Klept, removing his pipe from his mouth in an interested manner.

"Mr. Comstock is drowned!"

Mr. Klept rose from his chair precipitately.

"What is that you say?"

"Mr. Comstock insisted on taking an oar as I was rowing him to the mainland, let it fall, reached for it, the boat careened, and he went over. He never rose to the surface. Some undercurrent must have caught him!" and Jim wiped the clammy perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand.

Jean stood in the door and heard it all.

There was no need to tell her more.

Truly, he would never come back again.

\* \* \* \* \*

A month later, when Jean was sitting up, after her long attack of fever, she was idly glancing over some newspapers, scanning the advertisements languidly, because she had read everything else of interest.

What was this that came before her eyes like a blighting curse?

"WANTED.—Information of Dorset Comstock, by his wife, Adela Comstock, who has not seen him in two months. Address, Richmond, Va."

She lay back in her chair with her thin face like unto a dead woman's.

"Thank God, he did not come back! My poor darling—my only love! And yet you need never have feared that I should call you villain!"

When her grandfather came in, she called him to her side, and said, quite composedly, pointing to the advertisement:

"It would be a merciful thing, grandfather, to write to the poor wife, and tell her—just how he died."

"Yes, dear, it would. Will you do it?"

She shrank as if from a blow.

"Oh, no; I am too feeble."

"So you are—so you are! Well, I'll do it at once."

"If you please," she murmured.

\* \* \* \* \*

When she was thirty, Jean's grandmother died, and so it came about that at thirty-five she is still in the lighthouse with her old grandfather, and life is like unto the gray sea in its calmest moods, that lies all about her.

And this is Jean Valentine's "romance."

#### A MUNIFICENT GIFT.

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS TO FOUND A UNIVERSITY.

WE give on page 405 a portrait of Mr. Jonas Gilman Clark, of Worcester, Mass., who proposes to give \$1,000,000 to found a university in that city. Mr. Clark is a native of Worcester County, having been born in Hubbardston, February 1st, 1815. After leaving his father's farm he began business life as a carriagemaker, and afterwards became a manufacturer of tinware and dealer in hardware. In 1849, when the California gold excitement swept over the country, he entered into the California trade, shipping builders' hardware and general stores, and the business growing, he went to the Golden State, where he soon built up an enormous trade in hardware, paints and oils, furniture and miners' outfits. When the war broke out he took a prominent part in the Union League, which saved California to the Union, becoming Grand Treasurer of the State organization. He had unbounded faith in the Union, and put his money largely into Government bonds at low prices. He also made a handsome sum in the rise of real estate in and about San Francisco. He came East in 1864, turned his gold into greenbacks at the big premium then prevailing, and made heavy bond and real estate investments in New York and Boston, which increased in value enormously on his hands. He is still a heavy owner of real estate in New York city, where he has for years had a business-office. After traveling some time in Europe, he returned to Worcester County and built a town hall and library building for his native town, Hubbardston, at a cost of about \$50,000. He also built the elegant stone mansion in which he now lives, and invested largely in Worcester real estate.

Mr. Clark is, and has always been, an enthusiastic lover of books, and knows them thoroughly. He has, as the result of patient research for many years, a large collection of rare volumes in his library, which is probably the largest and most costly private collection of early manuscripts and choice old, first editions in the State.

Mr. Clark's scheme for the establishment of a great university is one of the most munificent on record. It was first disclosed to the public last week, when a petition was presented to the State Legislature by himself and eight gentlemen whom he has selected as associates for an act of incorporation establishing in Worcester an institution "for the promotion of learning in all its higher branches," to be called Clark University, in recognition of the munificence of its originator and founder. Mr. Clark has already selected the site for the new university, and has decided in a general way about the plan of the buildings. The lot selected is a square of about eight acres at the south end, about one and one-quarter miles from the City Hall in Worcester.

As soon as the act of incorporation is secured the money will be ready. Mr. Clark has so arranged his affairs that even in the event of his death his plans will be carried out. It is understood that he does not propose to confine his gifts to the original million, but will add to the endowment as occasion requires. He says that he has had this scheme in mind many years, and has visited most of the principal educational institutions in the Old World and in this country in getting ideas for his pet project. He does not design that the new university shall be sectarian in any sense, but means that it shall cover broadly all fields of knowledge. A law school, medical school, and possibly a theological school, will be established, as well as an academic department.



The gentlemen selected as the Board of Incorporators are: Stephen Salisbury, Charles Devens, George F. Hoar, William W. Rice, John D. Washburn, Joseph Sargent, Frank P. Goulding and George Swan. Mr. Salisbury is, next to Mr. Clark, the wealthiest man in Worcester, a graduate of Harvard, and a close student in the various branches of science. Ex-Attorney-general Devens, Senator Hoar and Congressman Rice are men with national reputations, whose names will add strength to the proposed institution. Dr. Sargent is one of the leading physicians of the city, and is an associate director with Mr. Clark in the old Worcester Bank. Colonel Washburn is a man of wealth, broad scholarship, and skill in the management of large trusts. Mr. Goulding is the leading practitioner at the Worcester County Bar, and George Swan, a distant relative of Mr. Clark by marriage, is one of the best office lawyers in the city. Most of the gentlemen are Unitarians, and four of them, at least, are graduates of Harvard College.

#### THE COAL-HANDLERS' STRIKE.

ON Monday of last week, one hundred Pinkerton "detectives," armed with revolvers, clubs, and Winchester rifles, were placed on guard at the coal docks of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, at the foot of Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets, Jersey City. They had been sworn in as special policemen, and were employed for the protection of the "green hands" employed by the company in place of the striking coal-handlers. Collisions with the strikers were at first anticipated, but none have occurred up to the present writing. The Pinkerton men—said to be a part of the force which lately saw service in the Chicago Stock Yards—pace to and fro about the yards and trestles at Jersey City. They wear uniform, belt, pistol and club, and carry rifles on their shoulders. A train of passenger-cars, furnished by their employers, and fitted up with a kitchen, an office, sleeping-apartments, etc., serve as their headquarters. So far but little coal has been moved, as the strikers have the co-operation of most of the bargemen on the river, who refuse to carry coal handled by non-union men. Should the trainmen and miners take active part with the strikers, the victory of the latter would be assured. One of them states the position of his fellows in this way: "The company paid its men more when its stock was at the lowest than now when it is \$140 a share. It insists that the men shall be on hand on all occasions, and then keeps them waiting hours for a job. It is the uncertainty of work we most complain of. The company uses us for the time it wants us, tells us to be always on hand, and does as it pleases about giving us work. If we could have work ten hours a day at twenty cents an hour no complaint would be heard; and God knows we have earned every cent we got."

On Thursday afternoon, a squad of the Pinkerton men, on guard at the railroad embankment between Grove and Henderson Streets, Jersey City, fired into a crowd of children who were playing in the neighborhood, and killed Thomas Hogan, a boy of fourteen. The children had been hooting the "detectives," and it is said, had pelted them with bits of ice. A few of the strikers were in the vicinity, but they had offered no provocation whatever to the Pinkerton ruffians. Four of the latter, identified by witnesses as having participated in the firing, were arrested by the Jersey City police, and subsequently arraigned on a charge of murder.

#### FORT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FORT ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of which we give a picture from a photograph by Barry, is a post-office and military post, situated in Morton County, Dakota, on the west bank of the Missouri River, some five miles below Bismarck. This fort is the great depot of supplies for posts on the Yellowstone River, and is usually garrisoned by both cavalry and infantry. Being near one of the great lines of transcontinental travel, and within easy reach of one of the largest towns of the Territory, the fort possesses attractions to military men which are not found in more isolated stations, and life there, even during the winter season, is by no means without enjoyments of a genuine sort.

#### INAUGURATION OF GOV. BEAVER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

INAUGURATION DAY and a Manitoba wave descended simultaneously upon Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday of last week. The severe cold, however, did not prevent the attendance of an immense crowd to witness the fine military procession and pyrotechnic display in honor of the inauguration of Governor Beaver. The trains coming into the city up to noon were heavily laden with passengers. It is estimated that there were 25,000 strangers in the city during the day.

At high noon, in the crowded hall of the House of Representatives, Governor Pattison vacated his official chair, and General Beaver became the Chief Executive of the Keystone State. The oath was administered, the cannon boomed outside, Lieutenant-governor Black declared James A. Beaver to be the Governor of Pennsylvania, and presented him to deliver the inaugural address. Governor Beaver's inaugural address was long, but interesting, and was listened to attentively. After it was over there was an adjournment to the Senate Chamber, where Lieutenant-governor Davies was sworn in. Then the new and old State officials, and others prominent in the State, were escorted to the brightly decorated grand stand, which had been erected in front of the Executive Mansion, to review the procession.

It was now nearly two o'clock. Soldiers, firemen, musicians and people had been waiting outside in the cold for over two hours. The brass bands and drum corps played lively airs, while the fire-laddies waltzed with the military to keep up blood-circulation in the biting wind which swept up from the Susquehanna River. The procession was not long in forming, and presented a brilliant appearance as it moved along the bunting-lung line of march.

The military numbered about 3,000, and the rest of the artillery mingled with the blue of the infantry and the yellow of the cavalry. The volunteer firemen were particularly interesting, and various political organizations, etc., lengthened out the procession. Governor Beaver held an informal reception at the Executive Mansion in the evening, in which he was assisted by Mrs. Beaver. The display of fireworks from the island in the river, directly in front of the Executive Mansion, was very beautiful, and could be seen from all parts of the city. Various characteristic incidents

of the day's frigid festivities are reflected in the amusing series of small sketches which supplement our illustrations of the chief event.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

M. RENÉ GOBLET.

M. GOBLET, the new Prime Minister of France, is fifty-eight years of age, and has for nearly twenty years been an active Liberal. Like so many French politicians, he was a provincial advocate. He practiced at Amiens, where under the Empire he was well known for his advanced opinions. He was first elected to the Chamber in 1872, voted consistently with the Left, and was an implacable opponent of the Broglie-Buffet Government. He was beaten at the 1876 elections, and took to municipal life instead, becoming Mayor of his town. When Gambetta passed through Amiens in that year, M. Goblet headed a deputation at the station and welcomed the statesman in the following words: "You were the soul of the national defense; you must yet be the soul of the resistance." Gambetta had a high opinion of him, and is said to have regretted not having thought of him for Minister of the Interior in his own Government. It was M. Goblet's words at the Amiens station, perhaps, that caused him to be dismissed from his post by "the men of the 16th of May." Later in the same year, however, he had his revenge, for in the October elections he was again returned to the Chamber. In 1879 he was a member of M. Waddington's Administration as Under-secretary in the Ministry of Justice. In 1882, on the formation of M. de Freycinet's Cabinet, he was appointed Minister of the Interior. He was not in the Ferry Cabinet, and indeed greatly enhanced his reputation by a speech he made against the Seditious Emblems Bill introduced by that Government. In the Brisson Ministry (1885), which succeeded on M. Ferry's fall, he was Minister of Education and Public Worship—a post to which he was reappointed in the De Freycinet Cabinet which came in at the beginning of last year. The new Premier makes a good figure in the tribune. He is a warm friend of his predecessor, and is personally popular.

#### GENERAL BOULANGER AND THE "HALLS OF HONOR."

Among the many improvements and innovations introduced by General Boulanger in the French Army, is the *salle d'honneur*, which is virtually a military club, where the assembled officers meet and receive the communications of the service. Each corps has its own hall, in which are placed its flags, together with tablets commemorative of its feats of arms, and of its honored dead. The recent opening of the hall of the Republican Guard, by General Boulanger, is the subject of our engraving. "I have chosen the Republican Guard for this ceremony of inauguration," said the Minister of War, "because, embracing as it does officers from the various corps of the army, it is the sanctuary of our traditions of honor, discipline, and patriotic devotion."

#### THE BULGARIAN DEPUTIES.

For some two months past, three Bulgarian deputies, envoys of the Sobranje, have been visiting the various courts of Europe, on the apparently hopeless mission of seeking a candidate for their throne, and assistance against Russia. They have been hospitably, though unofficially, received in Austria, Germany, England and France, and at the present writing are in Rome, where they have been welcomed by the students in behalf of the "youth of Italy." Late advices received via London report that Italy has agreed to act as mediator in the Bulgarian Question on the assurance of the Bulgarian Government that it accepts Russia's terms with the exception of the candidacy of the Prince of Mingrelia. Our picture is a sketch from life, made during the Bulgarians' visit to London. Of the three delegates, M. Grekoff was before the emancipation of Bulgaria judge of the Braila tribunal, in Roumania, and later became Minister of Justice at Sofia. He belongs to the Conservative party, which has always been devoted to Prince Alexander and his "national" policy; it represents the bourgeoisie. M. Stoiloff, the second delegate and Minister of Justice, studied law at the University of Heidelberg, and belongs to the same party as M. Grekoff. Prince Alexander placed much confidence in him, and made him director of his political Cabinet. Like M. Grekoff, when not in office he practices at the Bar, of which he is one of the most brilliant advocates. M. Constantin Kalcheff, the third member of the delegation, was brought up in the Anglo-American College of Roumel-Hissar, Constantinople. He is a great linguist, and was formerly a Government official. Of late years he has devoted himself to commerce, and has acquired a considerable fortune. As a politician he shares the advanced opinions of MM. Stransky and Karavelloff, who were the chief organizers of the revolution of September 18th, 1885.

#### THE LAUNCH OF AN IRRAWADDY STEAMER.

The Irrawaddy Flotilla Company is one of the most flourishing shipping companies of modern times, and it has abundantly adapted itself to all the requirements of the Burmese country. The *Dufferin*, whose launch is depicted in the sketch which we reproduce, is the latest addition to the Company's fleet. She is a two-decked paddle-steamer, of light draught and great speed, and she measures 310 feet in length. Her engines and boilers were constructed in Scotland, and her cabin fittings are the most beautiful in the East. The panels are of satin-wood, and are set in richly carved teak frames. The Company are, in addition to the *Dufferin*, adding six first-class steamers to their fleet, besides launches and barges.

#### FIELDING'S TOMB AT LISBON.

A letter recently appeared in an English paper, and was widely copied, stating that Fielding's tomb in the Protestant Cemetery, at Lisbon, was lying in a half-rumous condition in a damp and tainted wilderness of weeds. This accusation of wanton neglect of the last resting-place of the distinguished author of "Tom Jones" excited much annoyance amongst the British residents at Lisbon, who, headed by the Bishop of Gibraltar, promptly denied the truth of the statement. Mr. George Brackenbury, the British Consul, also says: "Fielding's tomb is a plain, heavy monument, consisting of a sarcophagus surmounted by an urn, and resting on an oblong block of stone, which again stands on a rectangular base some 14 feet by 11 feet. On the south face of the tomb are the words, 'Fielding. Tanti Britannia gremio non daret foveare natum.' On this side, which is kept dry by the sun, the marble is as white and the inscription as sharp as if they were only a few weeks old. On the north face is a long Latin inscription, and here the marble shows, as is only natural, some weather-stains, which, however, are only superficial, and do not interfere with the legibility of the inscription. The slab was cleaned two years ago, and the black cement with which the sunken letters of the inscription are filled in was renewed where it had fallen out. 'The rest of the surface,' in the Bishop of Gibraltar's words, 'was wisely left untouched, as it needs no restoration,' and the solid masonry is as sound as on the day when the tomb was erected. Fielding's tomb, again, is not 'overgrown with weeds,' or with anything else, for nothing grows upon it or over it. It is sheltered, but in no wise concealed, by two fine cypress-trees, and it stands out from its surroundings as clearly and conspicuously as could be desired."

#### THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND.

Notwithstanding that the Dublin Court of Queen's Bench has bound Mr. John Dillon and Mr. William O'Brien in recognizances of £1,000, with collateral sureties, to be of good behavior, these two Members of Parliament are still holding public meetings to advocate the "plan of campaign." The plan of campaign, which the Court of Queen's Bench has pronounced to be an illegal and criminal conspiracy, is that of inducing tenants to refuse payments of rents for which they have the money in hand, and to intrust the money to officials of the National League. The local meetings which have been held of late in the Wicklow and Wexford country, Kerry, and on the borders of Roscommon and Mayo, are now attended by armed men of the Royal Irish Constabulary, as is shown in our picture. Meanwhile, the police have been placed at the disposal of the sheriffs in carrying out evictions, and numerous distressing cases are reported. Tenants are ruthlessly turned out, and their huts fired or pulled down. On the 18th inst. an exciting scene was witnessed at Cahirculish, County Limerick, the occasion being the eviction of Edmund O'Grady, a tenant on the Gabbett estates. O'Grady and about twenty of his friends went to the upper story of the house, and cut away the staircase behind them. The evicting party of 180 policemen and bailiffs stormed the house with sledge-hammers and bayonets. Ladders were placed against the walls, up which policemen and bailiffs swarmed; but the defenders threw boiling water upon their assailants and hurled the ladders to the ground. The attacking party advanced repeatedly upon the house and were as often repulsed, the contest lasting fully three hours. Ultimately a hole was cut in the upper floor, through which some of the policemen crawled, while others covered the occupants of the house with rifles, threatening to fire if the slightest hostile movement was made. The eviction was then effected, and several persons were arrested. On the same day, a sheriff and a force of police from Giredore while on their way to evict tenants at Bloody-Farland, County Donegal, found the road blocked with immense boulders, and were obliged to proceed on foot. The blowing of horns and ringing of bells brought together large crowds of peasants, who threatened the police with violence. A desperate fight ensued, in which five policemen were seriously wounded. A priest who was present finally succeeded in calming the people, and they allowed the police to proceed.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SCIENTISTS state that water once contaminated by sewage never becomes purified by natural means.

THE treatment of drunkenness with strychnia is said to have been followed with very satisfactory results.

A PIECE of tallow wrapped in tissue-paper and laid among furs or woollen will prevent the ravages of moths.

IT is not necessary to have different metals to obtain a current of electricity. Iron in nitric acid and iron in sulphuric acid, the two fluids being separated by a porous partition, will give a current, one plate wasting away while the other is thickened.

ACCORDING to the *Bulletin de la Société Chimique de Paris* a plant belonging to the lettuce tribe, scientifically known as the *Soechus oleraceus*, and quite common on the wayside and among dry rubbish heaps in France, has been found to yield a very good quality of caoutchouc. The plants are steeped in carbon bisulphide, and then boiled in alcohol and caustic potash. About 4.3 per cent. of the weight is thus obtained as caoutchouc.

A SAFE, portable and convenient electric railway reading-lamp was shown at a recent meeting of the British Association—a cubical box of about four inches, containing four cells, weighing six pounds and burning twelve hours. Another form of battery, one-third this weight and half the weight, is not more cumbersome than a book. The little lamp is fastened by a hook to the waistcoat. The one exhibited had startled many a fellow-passenger of the exhibitor, and had done good service for a fortnight.

IT has been shown by scientists that the germs of zymotic diseases retain their vitality even when climatic conditions would seem to be most unfavorable to their survival. As an illustration, even in the face of the present severe cold, diphtheria has appeared in a malignant form in Warren County, N. J.; and deaths in a family in Brooklyn which were supposed to have been caused by poison resulted from the smallpox. Communities should not neglect sanitary principles in winter any more than in summer.

IT is claimed that by a new process white wood can be made so tough as to require a chisel to split it. This result is obtained by steaming the timber and submitting it to end-pressure, technically "upsetting" it, thus compressing the cells and fibres into one compact mass. It is the opinion of those who have experimented with the process that wood can be compressed seventy-five per cent., and that some timber which is now considered unfit for use in such work as carriage-building could be made valuable by this means.

YET another application has been found for metal, which is now being substituted for cardboard in bookbinding. This novelty is known as the "British Pellisfort" binding, and it consists in the use of thin sheet-metal for covers. The metal is specially prepared, and the cover may be bent and straightened again without perceptible damage. It may, in fact, be safely subjected to such treatment as would destroy ordinary covers. The metal is, of course, covered with the leather usually employed in bookbinding, and the finished book presents no difference in appearance except in the greater thickness of the cover.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. SEMBRICH has been appointed singer to the Emperor and Empress of Germany.

THE Czar has ordered the construction at St. Petersburg of a large theatre to be entirely devoted to Russian opera and ballet.

LORD COLIN CAMPBELL has abandoned his intention to move for a new trial of his divorce suit against his wife, and will not apply to the court to fix a date for a hearing.

THE estate of the late Helen Hunt Jackson, the author, has been appraised at \$12,600. It consists of Government and railroad bonds, and interests in copyrights in her books.

MRS. NILSSON'S marriage to Count Miranda will take place at Mentone on February 15th, and will be an extremely quiet affair, only the Spanish and Swedish Consuls and a few personal friends being invited to attend.

UNITED STATES SENATORS DAWES of Massachusetts, Hearst of California, Cockrell of Missouri, and Gray of Delaware, have been re-elected. Mr. Dawes owed his election to the votes of some eighty Democrats.

EX-PRESIDENT WHITE has given his magnificent historical library to Cornell University. The library consists of 30,000 volumes, besides 10,000 pamphlets and many rare manuscripts, and is valued at \$150,000.

NINE little Boulangers within two years—twins, triplets and quadruplets—is the startling record of Mrs. Boulanger, of Branch County, Mich. If the Queen's bounty were an institution of this republic, Mrs. Boulanger would soon become rich.

MRS. CLEVELAND cultivates the lady correspondents at Washington, and at critical moments names to them unknown guests at the White House receptions, and even describes their costumes. The lady correspondents for this swear by Mrs. Cleveland over tea and muffins.

SECRETARY LAMAR was seized upon the other day by the Emory College boys, at Oxford, Miss. They told him that since he had taken Mrs. Holt from Oxford, he must pay a forfeit. What they demanded was, that he should give the oration at the next commencement there. The bridegroom had to bow to the inevitable.

MR. LOVERING, of Massachusetts, has introduced a Bill into the House of Representatives granting a pension of \$25 a month to Walt Whitman. Mr. Lovering states that Mr. Whitman has made no application for a pension, but that the Bill was introduced at the request of a number of the poet's friends in Massachusetts.

PROFESSOR EDWARD OLNEY, for twenty-four years occupying the Chair of Mathematics in the Michigan State University, was found dead in bed one day last week. He was sixty years of age, and was the author of the complete series of the mathematical text-books generally used in the Michigan schools. His abilities as an instructor were of the highest order.

PROFESSOR BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD, of the Alleghany Seminary, has been elected Dr. Hodge's successor in the Chair of Didactic and Polemic Theology of Princeton Seminary. Professor Warfield graduated from Princeton College in the Class of 1871, and from the Seminary in the Class of 1876. He won considerable distinction in New Testament exegesis at the Alleghany Seminary.

SOME of the American friends of Captain Wm. McMickan, who has been in the service of the Cunard Company for twenty-seven years, and last Christmas completed his two hundred and first round trip, or four hundred and second voyage, between Liverpool and this port, have just presented him a purse of \$3,050. During all his years of service as a commander, Captain McMickan has never lost a life intrusted to his care, or had a vessel under his command shipwrecked or seriously damaged.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN has made a statement in reference to the case of Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, the clerical follower of Henry George, which shows that the Reverend Father was twice suspended for declining to obey a command to desist from the support of George's doctrine as to land; that, persisting in his support of these views, he refused to go to Rome when summoned thither; that he was accordingly suspended from his pastorate, and that his case is now in the hands of the Pope. The course of the Archbishop in the matter appears to have been kind and conciliatory throughout.

A RECENT visitor to ex-Vice-president Wheeler, at his home at Malone, found him busy with his correspondence. He was cheerful, cordial and vigorous in conversation. His health is seriously impaired, but not so as to prostrate him or confine him to the house. That he is kept in seclusion by his relatives or that he is constantly under the influence of opium is entirely false and groundless. Mr. Wheeler has survived his parents, his brothers, sisters and wife, and now lives alone, childless and without a near relative in the world. These bereavements have, of course, saddened him, but they have not broken him.

CHARLES H. MCKENZIE, who was one of the "gallant Six Hundred," who charged the Russian guns at Balaklava, and who served also with the British in India, and afterwards in the American Army in the War of the Rebellion, died in New York city recently. Among the medals which decorated his breast was one for service in the Crimea, bearing the names of Balaklava, Sebastopol, Inkermann and Alma. Another recorded his presence at the taking of Delhi, and the relief and capture of Lucknow; a third was for meritorious service in the British Army; a fourth was the gift of the City of Brooklyn to the veterans of the War of the Rebellion; and a fifth was his Grand Army badge. Besides these was a medal which bore the dates 1793-1814, and the names of battles in the Peninsular War in which his father had served nearly a century ago.

MR. GOSCHEN opened his contest at Liverpool, last week, in a notable speech, in which he declared positively that England is not meddling in Bulgarian affairs. "There is," said Mr. Goschen, "no foundation for the rumor, pertinaciously circulated, that the British Foreign Office or any British Minister has worked directly or indirectly for the restoration of Prince Alexander to the rulership of Bulgaria." England, he added, has given no opinion on the filling of this vacancy, and will give none till duly asked, according to the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin, and will do nothing to separate herself from the other treaty Powers. Mr. Goschen had nothing to say as to the purposes of the Cabinet concerning Ireland, but it is understood that a new Coercion Bill has been agreed upon. It is believed that Mr. Goschen will win in his Liverpool contest.





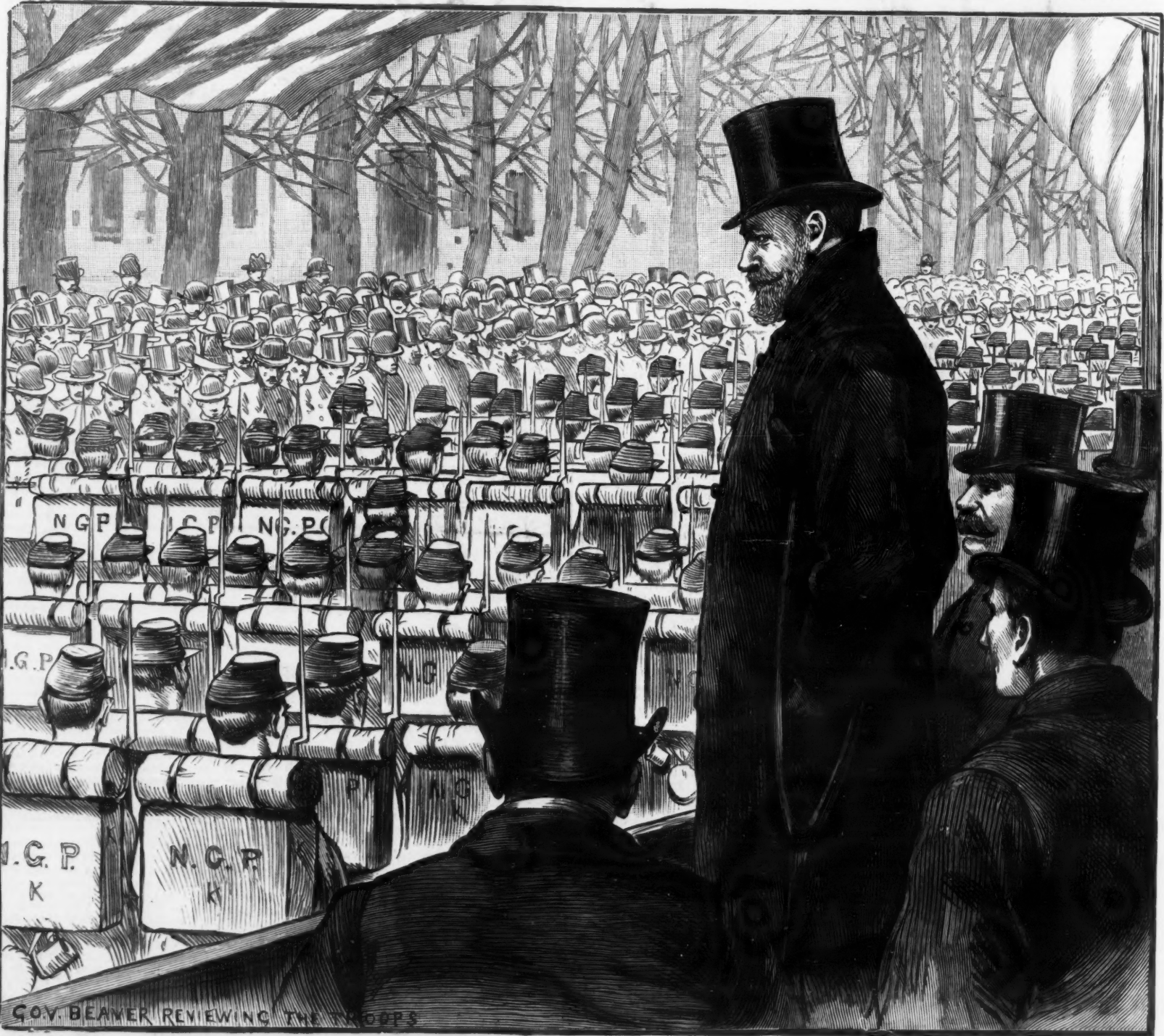
THE NIGHT BEFORE



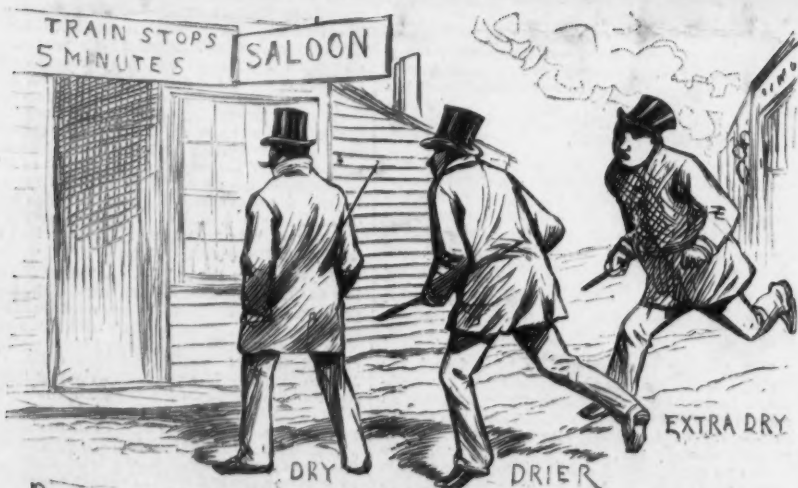
THE STATE HOUSE.



TOO MUCH INAUGURATION



GOV. BEAVER REVIEWING THE TROOPS



POLITICAL CLUBS ENROUTE



BELOW ZERO

PENNSYLVANIA.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR JAMES A. BEAVER, AT HARRISBURG, JANUARY 18TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 407.





A "SOCIAL SESSION" OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS—THE "ELEVEN O'CLOCK TOAST."  
FROM A DRAWING BY FREDERICK A. OPPER.—SEE PAGE 411.



## A Million-Dollar Stake.

By REBECCA FORBES STURGIS.

Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Talmage's Wife," "A Husband of the Period," etc.

### CHAPTER VI.

MONTIES had passed since Madeline Marsden had disappeared from Dr. Lippincott's care. At first he utterly refused to believe that he should see her no more—that all hopes of finding her were in vain. His disappointment wore on his health. He became haggard. He was not himself; he seemed to forget his friends. Then his uncle became very ill. He visited him, and, for a time his grief was modified by anxiety. Cousin Bess hovered about him like a spirit. She studied his face with care, and finding not a thought there for her, began to grieve. "It was a bitter draught, but it was in her cup, nevertheless, that she was less than nothing to her handsome cousin. "And all those years of love are wasted," she thought, sadly. "I cannot be blinded longer. He never loved me—never! It is not business that ails him—that keeps him so preoccupied. He has met some crushing blow."

After his uncle began to improve, the doctor noticed that Bess was looking languid and changed. He imagined it arose from her care of his uncle.

"I think, Cousin Bess," he observed, "that your father is now fit to let some one else take the care from your shoulders. You must go out more, or I shall be having you on my hands next."

Bess flushed sensitively. "I did not know, William, that you ever looked at me long enough to see whether I was sick or well."

"That very speech shows you are in need of a change!" he ejaculated. "Why, what else have I been doing when I am up here but looking at your precious self and my uncle?"

"I thought you looked past us or through us," she returned. "You never seem happy. I wish you would tell us what has changed you?"

He laughed uneasily.

"You are too fanciful, my dear cousin. You would ruin me in no time if I would allow it. Come, take my advice—it is worth a great deal more than my drugs—go out every day in the open air, and then sleep all night. A girl like you, without a care, ought to be able to sleep like a dormouse."

Cousin Bess turned away. "You, too, are 'fanciful,' my dear cousin," she retorted, quoting the words he had used to her. "I am well enough."

As soon as Mr. Lippincott recovered, he began to note the change in his daughter, and was not long in coming to a conclusion. For long years he had cherished a hope that his nephew would wed his daughter. He wanted to make Dr. Lippincott his son in earnest, that the property he had acquired might enrich him without impoverishing his own child. Now he saw that they drifted apart. The intercourse of years was broken off, and Bess suffered sorely.

"I shall speak to the boy," he meditated. "It may be all thoughtlessness."

A few weeks later the doctor called in to see how his niece was progressing.

"I am glad to see you," said the latter. "I have been thinking about you for some time. What is the reason you do not marry?"

The doctor looked at him, and then smiled.

"A plain question, uncle."

"And requires a plain answer. I have thought much concerning it of late. Certainly it is best for a physician to be married. I do not think I am going to live long, and, William, I hate to leave my child alone. For years I believed that everything would come right, and that you would take her and my money. Now, what is it that has come between you two? Are you engaged to some one else?"

It was certainly a plain question, and it struck home.

The doctor colored.

"I will be frank with you, uncle," he replied, and then told him the story of his patient.

Mr. Lippincott made no remark until he was through.

"I do not wish to wound you, William, but I believe the girl was a flirt. She understood the power of her beauty, and deliberately set out to win you, while she meant to marry that other man. As for the poison, her stepfather knew nothing about it. I doubt not she was addicted to reading novels, and her fancy did the rest."

Dr. Lippincott arose. His uncle beckoned him to wait.

"Come, do not be so hasty. Wait a moment. I only spoke my mind. According to your own story she is married, and consequently severed from you; it is not probable you will ever meet her again. Is it worth your while to live like a hermit on her account?"

"No," he responded, slowly, deliberately. "In all time to come I never expect to see her again. I have no power to follow her—none to sever the tie, if I did find her."

"Is it well, then, to break Bess's heart?"

"Break Bess's heart?"

"Yes. I speak to you as I would to none other. You are almost my own. You loved Bess before this woman came into your way. I can trust to your honor to love her again."

William Lippincott turned from his uncle and walked slowly to the other end of the apartment. His uncle spoke plainly and truly. For years he had believed that eventually he would marry Cousin Bess, and the idea had always been pleasant. Why should he refuse now, for the sake of one who could never be anything to him?

"I shall think over what you have said," he observed, turning back to his uncle. "I have no doubt but you are right."

After he had made up his mind to speak to Bess

and tell her all that he had told his uncle, perhaps even more, the way did not present itself.

She never visited his office, and when he called at her home she had company. Then, as the weather grew warm, she began to carry out her summer plans. Her father needed a change; she would not go to Newport, as in former years, but seek some quieter summer resort. She selected a retired village on Long Island, where nature invited them to rest.

"Here you will get well and strong," Bess said to her father, cheerily. "We will have a boat, and spend half of our time on the water."

Mr. Lippincott smiled. "Who will row the boat?" he queried. "I believe I am growing lazy. I feel no desire for such muscular exercise."

Bess laughed aloud. "You idle mortal! I am going to row you around, father mine. I love to row. I learned that art years ago"—and a cloud drifted over her face—"when William used to come on his home vacation, and we spent half of it on the river. Do you remember?"

"I remember," he returned; and then he wondered if William had yet spoken to Bess.

When next the doctor called at the Cedars, the housekeeper told him that his uncle and cousin had gone to Long Island for the summer.

"They might have sent me word," he thought to himself, and then his conscience smote him. What right had he to expect they would do so? He certainly had slighted them of late, and his uncle would think he had never meant to speak to Bess.

The weeks drifted by, and as the heat increased his patients departed for country recreation and rest. One morning he made up his mind to go to the country himself. He would take his uncle and cousin by surprise, and perhaps there he would get an opportunity to talk to Bess. He had missed her more than he cared to acknowledge to himself. Cousin Bess had always been a welcomed caller until Madeline Marsden's lovely face had come between them.

"How I loved her!" he mused to himself, thinking of the fair Madeline; "and how I love her yet! I wonder if men ever marry a woman whom they love so passionately; and if they do, does the fever last?"

Already his mind had drifted from Bess. She was the quiet, restful spot in his life, and the one, now that Madeline had gone, he would ever wish to have near him; but she never would cause his heart to beat as her fair rival had done.

Arriving at the village by an evening train, he found that his uncle had just dined and gone out on the bay. He hurriedly partook of a light dinner, and then going down to the beach, determined to take a sail himself.

"This seems like boyhood days returned," he said, mentally, as he took the oars in his hand. "Who would have believed that, as fond as I used to be of rowing, I would have kept away from the water so long."

There was a light breeze, and he drifted along idly for a spell; then bracing up, he used his oars with good effect. He did not go very near any other boat, nor yet did he notice that when the rest turned shoreward he still continued out towards the ocean. His spirits were elated, and his mind was busy with the past as well as the present. Suddenly he found his boat was tossing around like a cockleshell upon the waves, and then—he never could tell how it happened—one of his oars slipped from his hand and disappeared.

That awakened him to his perilous position. "What a careless trick!" he exclaimed, angrily. "Luckily I know how to scull, or I would be in a dilemma."

He stood up in his boat and used the one oar to scull homeward. He did not make much headway. The roll of the waves came heavier every moment. The tide was against him, and the wind was rising.

"Somebody has noticed that I am in distress," he thought, as he saw a boat that did not keep up with the rest, but had turned backward and seemed to be watching him. "I hate to run up a flag of distress, but this oar—"

At that moment the oar snapped like a pipe-stem, and he was totally at the mercy of the wind and waves. He cast his eyes ahead. Beyond, he could see the waves dashing on a point of rocks and foaming madly in their wild career.

"No mercy there," he muttered, the perspiration rolling down his brow. "If that boat does not get here, I am gone."

But the boat which had been trying to catch him since his first oar had disappeared was gaining upon him. A hand caught his frail shell, and a voice cried: "Get in quickly!"

Lippincott sprang in as nimbly as a cat, exclaiming:

"Cousin Bess! You have saved me from the—"

"William!" she exclaimed, frantically. "I did not know—"

"It was your graceless cousin you were chasing," he added, interrupting her. He took the oar from her hand, saying, "I will not drop this one. And you, uncle, to have to row like that! It was a shame; and yet I am glad you did it."

He kept on talking, for he knew, even though it was getting too dusky to see, that Cousin Bess was trying to overcome her fears, and would recover herself quicker if she believed her agitation was not noticed.

By that time a couple of other boats drew near, and all began to talk at once. The occupants had seen the stranger's danger, and had turned back, though they knew they were too far away to be of any service.

"Smith ought to have known better than to let that boat and those oars to any one who knew nothing about them!" one cried, indignantly. "Nobody ever uses them unless it is to float around close to the shore. They were too light."

"Lucky for you, sir," chimed in another, "that Miss Lippincott understands a boat so well. Gad! no woman here this summer can use an oar with her."

"Has it frightened you, Miss Lippincott?" queried some one else.

"A little," she responded. "I found it was my cousin when he got in."

Then there was another volley of compliments and small talk.

When they reached the shore, Bess ran up to the hotel while they were securing the boat. They found her on the piazza surrounded by a group of friends.

Dr. Lippincott came up eagerly. His heart felt very warm towards his cousin for her bravery, for if she had not seen his danger and persuaded her father to turn and watch him while he had been drifting out, he knew life for him would have been a thing of the past.

"You gave me no chance to thank you, Cousin Bess," he observed; "nor yet to say, 'How do you do?' like anybody else."

She laughed a little low laugh, to hide her real feelings, as she turned to him.

"I thought father would welcome you for me," she replied, lightly; "and as for thanks, I would have been worse than a heathen to see a fellow-being drift on to death and not put forth a hand. I will admit, though, that I am tired, and was just about to bid my friends good-night when you came up. I will do so now." She bowed slightly to the group, and then, with a quick "Do not stay out and take a chill, father. Good-night—good-night," she was gone.

Her cousin looked after her in amazement. Bess had never treated him so cavalierly before. Perhaps, though, she was really tired, as she said, and nervous and excited besides.

"We had better go in," Mr. Lippincott observed. "I am a little afraid of the night air, especially as I am very warm."

They talked of indifferent subjects for a long time, and then retired.

Bess was up early the next morning, but Dr. Lippincott found that an early excursion had been planned the day previous, and, as she was going, he went also. Here he found no opportunity to speak. Bess was here, there, and everywhere but in his vicinity.

His indignation began to rise, although he was perfectly conscious he deserved no better treatment. Then he began to think of Cousin Bess's attractions. Where was there another girl to be found so pretty, so good, and so utterly unselfish? Other men would not be blind to her charms, if he had been. He would not be blind longer. If Madeline had gone out of his life for ever, he would not let Bess drift out also.

"I have been at sea in an open boat in more senses than one," he continued, "and ran in danger of being engulfed. If I keep on as I have been going for the last few months, my usefulness will soon be sadly impaired. I will start life afresh."

With that determination in his mind, he tried the next day to talk to Bess, but Bess was always with her friends. Once she had forgotten her pride; she never would again.

"I am going home to-morrow night, Bess," he observed, as she paused a moment beside him. "I wish you would go down to the beach with me in the morning. I found a place down there yesterday that resembles the cove where we used to keep our boat at Stony River, and I want you to see it."

She could not refuse without positive rudeness, so she assented. She turned to her father, however, and observed:

"Now, be up, father, in time for the stroll. It will be good for your health."

Then, as she passed out of sight, Dr. Lippincott turned to his uncle and observed:

"Morning air is not suitable for you, sir; especially to-morrow's morning air."

His uncle laughed, and nodded:

"I like my bed too well to be up for a wild-geese chase."

And so they retired.

The morning was as sultry as August mornings are apt to be, but, nothing daunted, Bess appeared betimes.

"This is the most trying month of the season," she observed to her cousin, as they walked towards the beach. "It is trying to crimps and to temper both."

He laughed uneasily, as he replied:

"Crimps or temper never used to give you much trouble."

"Oh, that was ages ago!" she responded, loftily. "I have changed since then."

"We all change," the doctor returned, sadly. "and sometimes not for the best. You have changed—to me, Bess; but I do not blame you."

They had selected a seat beside the shore as he spoke, and Bess looked out seaward.

"How provoking!" she cried, in a tone of anguish. "There is that huge cloud of fog drifting in upon us! It is just too bad!"

"Oh, never mind the fog!" he exclaimed, quickly. "You are very enthusiastic over everything since you came to this hole!"

He was fast losing his temper. She turned a glance of surprise upon him.

"I must say your temper has improved wonderfully with age!" she exclaimed. "If you keep on improving for the next fifty years, you will be a delightful friend."

"Now, do not talk nonsense, Bess," he observed, grandly. "I came here to talk to you—came up from the city on purpose to see you; and then how have you treated me?"

"Saved your life, sir," she answered, demurely. "Do you think I am likely to forget?" he queried, hotly. "No, Bess, I will never forget that, nor many other things. I believe you have changed more than I thought, but still you must be Bess, and will listen to me. I have a story to tell you."

Bess tried to retain her outward composure, but her color waned visibly. She wished she had not come with him. How could she listen to his infatuation for his beautiful patient, for, instinctively, she knew it was of her he would speak.

"I hope it will be interesting enough to make me forget the fog," she murmured.

"If it is not, then I shall have told it in vain," he answered, gravely. "I do not know as I ought to proceed, but I will. I always loved you when I was a boy, Bess, and when I was a man, too, until—"

He hesitated and flushed. It was no easy task to tell a girl he intended to ask to be his wife that some one else had taken her place for a time.

"Until Madeline Marsden came to me," he continued, after a moment's pause. "I became infatuated with her, and—and—but I will tell you all."

Thereupon he began, and told her of his folly from beginning to end.

She kept her face averted from him, but every word sank into her heart like a dart. If it was hard for him to tell, it was infinitely worse for her to hear.

"And now, Bess, am I worthy of a single thought? Can you forget the past, and let us commence over?"

Bess shivered. What should she say? Her trifling air left her, and she turned to him.

"William, if I trusted you, and you again forgot me, it would kill me. You have been infatuated once; you may be again. I think we had better forget the past."

He looked at her a moment. Then, like all of his sex, the instant he saw his chance of losing, he became persistent.

"I will not let you leave me so!" he exclaimed.

"I could not be so base a traitor as you have hinted! No, I mean it, Bess. I cannot live without you. I would not have told you all, but I did not want to deceive you, and if you learned it some time in the future, you would think I kept my delinquencies hidden from you on purpose. Give me a different answer, Bess. Take me on trial again, as you used to do when I was a boy."

And so he won Bess, whose heart was ever pleading for him, against her better judgment, into an open engagement.

Later that day, when he saw his uncle alone, he told him of his success with Bess.

"But there is one thing, uncle," he added, "I wish to impress upon your mind. It was not for your money—it was for Bess herself—that I proposed."

The old man took his hand.

"I am not afraid to trust you, William. I am glad you have been so sensible."

Dr. Lippincott returned to the city that evening, as he had said he intended to do, and Bess went to the train with him.

Poor Bess! She was quite happy again. She could not long cherish doubts against William, whom she had known and loved all her life.

"Old Mrs. Williams has sent up here for you twice," the doctor's clerk observed, as soon as he returned home.

"Then I must go to her immediately," he responded. "It seems almost impossible for me to take a holiday."

When he was ushered into Mrs. Williams's presence his eye fell on her servant, and he started visibly. He prescribed for the old lady, and then asked where she had got her new girl.

"She came well recommended," the old lady replied, quickly. "Do tell me, do you know anything wrong about her? I am so afraid of new servants, and old ones are so ungrateful!"

"Do not be alarmed, madam," he responded, smiling at her excitement. "I had a patient in the house where I met her before, that I would like to inquire after. That is all. I do not even know her name."

The old lady touched her bell. If the doctor wished to ask any questions, he must do so before her.

"Jane," she said, "Dr. Lippincott wishes to speak to you."

Jane bowed. "I knew you, sir, when you entered."

"When did you see Miss Marsden last?" he queried.

"The morning of the 24th of December, sir."

"How was she then?"

"Miserable, sir."

"Did you see her married?"

"Married? No, sir!"

"How was that?"

He was wary with his questions. He wanted to learn the exact facts.

"None of us, sir, knew anything about it at all. The morning of the 24th, Mr. Ingraham came to the kitchen and called us all together. He then said he should not require our services longer, as he had received news that would oblige him to start immediately for Europe. He would pay us all a month in advance if we would leave that night, and a dollar apiece extra if no one made any remarks to Miss Marsden. He gave us a reason that, her health being poor, he did not wish to worry her; he would have everything prepared to leave before he told her at all, and then she would not fret. He stood at the door when we left, and, as he had just come from Miss Madeline, he knew we had done as he asked, and gave us our money."

"Well?" the doctor continued, his face growing ghastly.

"We dared not say anything to our betters, sir, but we thought it very queer. After I got home I missed a dress that I had forgotten to pack, and on the morning of the day after Christmas I ventured back, thinking likely he would never know it at all."

"Go on!" the doctor said, fiercely.

"The house was closed, sir. The girl next door told me then that our Miss Marsden had been married to the chap that was stopping there the night before. You might have knocked me down with



a hair, doctor, I was so weak like, for she never seemed to like him at all, sir, and she was too near dying to think of marrying then. The girl said waiters and a fine supper came from up-town, and that the house was decorated by a florist for the occasion. After the wedding the whole party went away in carriages, and that was all."

"What a wonderful story!" Mrs. Williams exclaimed.

The doctor made no response for fully a minute. Then he said, "Thank you, Jane. Good night, Mrs. Williams," and passed out of the room—out of the house. He was so dazed, he could scarcely think. He pressed his hands in a nervous grip.

"There was devilish treachery at work!" he cried, furiously. "They murdered her! No; they married her against her will to that beast. Oh, that blind minister! Oh, my poor love! and I not near to succor you!"

He went into his private office and buried his face in his hands. He was wild with rage and pain; then, after a long season, thoughts of Bess came into his mind, and he started up.

"Good Heavens, false already!" he ejaculated. "Could it be but this morning that I held her hand and told her of my infatuation?"

(To be continued.)

#### THE ORDER OF ELKS.

THE Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is an organization composed principally of men interested professionally in theatrical matters. The regular meetings of all the lodges of Elks throughout the country are held on Sunday nights. At ten o'clock, after the transaction of business, the "social session," to which friends and invited guests of the members are admitted, formally opens. The programme of the "social session" consists of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, and humorous and other specialties, furnished by members of the Elks and other volunteer talent. Liquid refreshments and cigars are served, certain members, appointed for that evening, acting as waiters. The closing feature of the "social session" is the "eleven o'clock toast." At that hour all present rise, and join in singing "Auld Lang Syne," after which the toast-master gives the sentiment, "To our absent brothers," which is duly honored by all.

#### BURYING THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

THE work of burying the multitudinous telegraph and telephone wires of New York city is at last fairly under way, and the process appears to be more simple and expeditious than was generally anticipated. The method of employing the Dorsett conduit for this purpose is illustrated on page 412. The conduit has twenty-four iron ducts, each of which is capable of containing one hundred insulated wires. At every street-crossing there is a manhole, affording easy access to the conduit. The first conduit, that on Sixth Avenue, was put in practical operation between Fifty-eighth and Thirty-third Streets, last week. A leading wire was first run through, and then a big hawser, to which the cable was attached. The cable was then jacked into place and pulled through by horse and man power. Two large cables, containing thirty-five wires each, were thus put through without interruption. The Subway Commissioners and constructors received the congratulations of ex-President Roosevelt P. Flower, who witnessed the successful experiment. A thorough test of the non-inductive qualities of the conduit is now being made. As the cables themselves are insulated, there is no doubt that they will work satisfactorily, and it is expected that the connections will be made at once.

In short, as there appears to be nothing to prevent the burying of the wires, we may expect soon to see the forest of telegraph poles thinned out, and daylight let through the dense web of wires which now overhangs the principal streets of the city.

#### THE SARATOGA TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

AMONG the toboggan slides of the country, that at Saratoga is one of the most attractive, as it is, we believe, the longest in public use. The trestle is 242 feet long, with a drop of 78 feet, and an additional drop of 69 feet on the runway, making a total fall of 147 feet. Almost all the toboggans run 3,000 feet. The slide and accommodations connected with it cost not less than \$8,000. This does not include 220 toboggans and cushions, which cost \$5,000. The Saratogians are quite naturally very proud of their slide, and it is apparently appreciated by the public generally, thousands of persons visiting it from the surrounding towns and cities. Not only the slide, but the road by which it is approached, is lighted by electricity, and the scene at night is one of great brilliancy. This slide compares with others, as to length, as follows: Saratoga, 3,000 feet; Belmont Hill, Philadelphia, 2,200 feet; Orange, N. J., 1,004 feet; and Tuxedo Park, 4,000 feet. The latter, however, is a private affair, and cannot properly be classed with those which are open to the public.

#### THE CHAMPION ICE-YACHT OF THE HUDSON.

DR. J. C. BARRON'S sloop-rigged ice-yacht *Northern Light*, which the artist has sketched flitting along in a light breeze off Roosevelt Point, is the present holder of the pennant representing the championship of the Hudson River. The length of her centre-timber over all is 43 feet 2 inches; of her rudder-post to centre of runner-plank, 23 feet; beam, 25 feet 3 inches. Dr. Barron is a member of the famous ice-yachting club at Poughkeepsie, the head-centre of the sport. This club was organized in 1861. It has now about fifty members, and a fleet of over thirty yachts, representing all the latest improvements in build and rig. A good ice-yacht costs \$600. While there is plenty of ice on the Hudson this Winter, it has been for the most part unavailable for the yachtsmen, on account of the snow; and as yet there has been no great racing.

#### THE YELLOWSTONE PARK IN WINTER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia *Record*, who has recently "done" the Yellowstone National Park on snowshoes, gives a vivid description of the wonder of the region. We quote: "Before I

crossed the boundary line and entered the great National Reservation, I found the weather exceedingly cold and the snow unusually deep. The former was averaging daily and nightly about 35° below zero, while the latter ran all the way from fifteen inches to three feet in depth. Inside the Park matters were somewhat of a different order. The snow was deeper, if anything, but the temperature of the country, particularly about the geyser basins, was fully two-score degrees milder than outside the limits. At the Mammoth Hot Springs one might almost imagine himself in Fairyland. The beautiful terraces, so wondrously lovely under a Summer sun, were here, in mid-winter, perfectly magnificent and awe-inspiring beyond all conception.

"The frost in the air gave to the volumes of steam rising from acres of hot water an effect that can only be realized by beholding, and not even faintly understood by imagination. Great clouds of vapor hover in the sky and darken the sunlight which seems to everlastingly shine in this region of wonders. I noted one curious fact of which I have seen no mention in the books of the scientists. Among these hundreds of boiling and bubbling hot springs is a large and wondrously hot lake, called Bath. This sheet of water is situated among the variegated colored terraces, and is about 400 feet in diameter, with no visible outlet. It is circular in form, and when seen at a distance the water is a deep sea-green. The bottom is lined with a soft, velvety moss, which is a lovely orange at the bottom, and fades away into a creamy white toward the edge. The lake gradually deepens from six inches at the margin to six feet at the centre, and is inclosed by two horizontal terraces in the shape of the letter V. These terraces rise twenty feet above Bath Lake, and are neither more nor less than hot-water aqueducts, but the interior of the pair is something marvelous, and likely to eclipse the famed underground highways of the celebrated Mammoth Cave. They are hollow shell-like cavities, in some places over fifty feet wide and the same number in depth, and run a distance of about 2,000 yards. Although seemingly dead, the continual moisture of the interior, together with the action of sulphur and calcareous matter on the inside, has rendered them perfectly splendid with color and sublimely beautiful in effect. Not stalactites, but billions of needle-points, tipped with sparkling diamonds that emit all hues, greet the visitor to-day, and will no doubt greet him for ages to come, as they have done for the Bannock Indians for ages past. The temperature of the atmosphere half a mile from the Springs a few days before Christmas was close to the zero notch. I walked from this frigid zone over to the terraces, and found myself in the temperate zone at once. The average round about the Mammoth Springs at the same time was between 60° and 70° above zero. On the shores of Bath Lake I found it 95° Fahrenheit, and in the centre, where the water was bubbling in great gaseous globules, the temperature was 145° above zero.

"To go from one extreme to the other it is only necessary to pass from Bath Lake to the Golden Gate, four miles away. The latter is four miles south of the springs, and I found the temperature there to be 27° below zero; but Golden Gate has an altitude of 8,000 feet above the sea, and is, besides, situated in a deep mountain-vent, where the roads wind along the base of the Giant Sheepcrafter Cliffs. Norris Geyser Basin appeared for all the world like a tremendous manufacturing city, with its thousands of spindles at work. The countless jets of steam shooting into the air, with an occasional geyser bursting or spouting upward, filled me with awe and wonder. I have seen every geyser, spring and mud-pot in this Basin dozens of times, yet I never thought it possible that Winter could so change the aspect of the scene.

"The volume of steam is ten times greater than in the Summer months, and then the awful quiet and solemnity of the scene made this Basin seem alive with life, instead of being dead and dying, as it really is. The Norris Basin is certainly the oldest in the Park, yet in the height of the season it is all bustle, life and confusion. I have been on the spot when you 'couldn't hear your ears' for the noise of vehicles, braying of mules and shouting of tourists, but here on this occasion, after traveling for miles through snow from three to five feet deep, and through a country filled with wild, scampering game animals, I came upon a dead city, filled with noise and activity, and yet no living creature or thing within a radius of many miles of the spot. The clear frosty atmosphere rendered the transmission of sound exceedingly distinct, and that is why the boiling and bubbling of the underground caldrons could be heard so plainly. Although I had just left a region of snow, in and around the Norris Geyser Basin I found no signs of snow at all."

#### TAILOR-MADE GARMENTS FOR WOMEN.

THE demand for tailor-made garments for women grows day by day. The art is a peculiar one, and requires more skill than the tailoring for men's coats, vests and trousers. The difference lies in the necessity for closely fitting the curving figure of a tightly-laced and bustle-adorned woman, in cutting whose garments there is no plain sailing above the waist such as the simpler figure of a man presents. The shops in which the women are ordering jackets, ulsters, waists and sacques increase faster than the working tailors are able to learn the new trade. The dressmakers must be suffering, for many women are now ordering whole suits made in the tailor-shops.

The theory behind this new fashion is that men display more taste than women in devising new forms of drapery, new combinations of goods and colors and styles of ornamentation. Then, again, cloth is decreed by fashion for all street dresses this Winter, and it has naturally followed that the skirts shall be made in the same place where the jackets and waists are put together. Women are not entirely crowded out by this new fashion, however. It is a mistake to suppose that women's tailors and men dressmakers measure their women customers as they do the men who come to them. The measures are taken by women, and the men do not actually touch or handle their lady customers except in "fitting" them after the suits are made. The mistaken notion that the men dressmakers and women's tailors held the same relationship to their customers that the old-fashioned female dressmakers did to women of old, hindered the development of the new departure for a long while. But, as a matter of fact, women measure the lady customers in complete attire (in the presence of the tailor, of course), and women assist the customers on with the new garments when they are to be fitted. Women are not intrusted with the making of sacques, jackets, ulsters or waists, however, because these have to be lined, seamed, and in all respects treated exactly

as men's coats and vests are, and therein lies the mystery and knack of a trade that is imposing a tax of from fifty to one hundred per cent. more money per dress upon the well-to-do women of the land than they used to pay before the new garments came into vogue.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

GREAT BRITAIN will spend \$66,000,000 this year on her navy.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Interstate Commerce Bill as amended by the Senate.

HON. A. S. PADDOCK has been elected United States Senator from Nebraska as successor to General Van Wyck.

GAS struck in the Big Sandy (Ky.) region is to be carried by a \$1,000,000 pipe line for use in Cincinnati, 180 miles away.

THE trustees of Purdue University, Indiana, have established a chair of domestic economy for the benefit of the female students.

THE lower house of the Illinois Legislature has passed a Bill appropriating \$50,000 for the erection of a monument to the late General Logan at Chicago.

FORTY-FOUR candidates were examined under the new Civil Service rules the other day for places in the New York Custom House, but only eight were able to score the necessary average of 75 per cent.

THE Senate Bill to provide for the admission of Washington Territory, with a portion of Idaho added, as a State of the Union, has been reported in the House of Representatives, with a recommendation that it include the admission of Montana also as a State.

DESPITE the progress of republican institutions, the monarchical business is good enough to support 424 active rulers and auxiliary princes, while 724 princes are reported to be living in retirement on comfortable fortunes made in the days before Garibaldi and Bismarck drove so many from their palaces.

THE Senate has ratified the convention between the Governments of the United States and Hawaii, extending for seven years the existing reciprocity treaty. The ratification of the treaty was made conditional upon the granting to the United States by Hawaii the use of Pearl River Harbor for a coaling station.

BOSTON has a gymnasium exclusively for the use of women. It has six bowling-alleys, a tennis-court, a gymnasium-hall, a running-track of twenty laps to the mile, hot and cold water baths, etc. It was projected by Miss Mary Allen, who has for years been a devotee of physical culture. It is well patronized.

A COMPANY has been formed to dredge the Carson River, in Nevada, for quicksilver and amalgam. Eighteen miles of river-bed have been located. It is estimated that ten per cent. of the bullion product of the Comstock mines has flowed as tailings into the Carson River, and that at least \$40,000,000 will be recovered.

ILL-CONSIDERED legislation in Minnesota resulted in the creation of a State Oil Inspector. Last year this official pocketed over \$20,000 in fees and condemned just 123 barrels of oil. Now the members of the Minnesota Legislature are unshaking over each other in their haste to introduce Bills abolishing the office.

THE Pope has accepted Cardinal Jacobini's resignation as Papal Secretary, and, as a mark of esteem, has invited him to continue to live in the Papal residence. The Cardinal will probably be appointed Prefect of the Apostolic Palaces. His successor in the Papal Secretaryship will be the Nuncio at Lisbon, who will be raised to the rank of Cardinal after the consistory.

THE latest as to the Bulgarian relations is that Russia asks that the Regency should resign, a new Sobranje be elected excluding Eastern Roumelia, and two Russian agents be appointed Ministers. England, jointly with Austria and Italy, it is said, would not object to this if the Bulgarians agreed to it. It is also true that Bulgaria will not agree to it unless convinced that she has been abandoned by all Europe as well as by Germany and France.

HENRY M. STANLEY, the explorer, is flooded with offers from good men who wish to accompany his expedition for the relief of Emin Bey. The British Government has supplied the expedition with a major and lieutenant of engineers. Mr. Stanley is determined to reach Emin Bey by July at the latest. He will meet Dr. Junker at Port Said, on his way out. He will establish a camp at a safe distance from the Congo, on the route to Lake Victoria Nyanza, to be used as a base of operations.

A COMPANY of London capitalists have purchased canal coal mines in Kentucky, and are already shipping coal for the English market. The mines are at Clover Port, Ky., nine miles back of the Ohio River and 115 miles southwest of Louisville. The property covers an area of 7,000 acres, and it is calculated that one-half is underlain with canal coal. The company has built nine miles of railroad from the mines to the river, and the coal is shipped by way of New Orleans. The enterprise is likely to prove profitable, as the canal coal of Great Britain is pretty much exhausted. For the past five or six years British gas companies have obtained their canal coal from Australia, but the prices reached such a height there that they became practically prohibitory.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JANUARY 16TH.—In Ann Arbor, Mich., Professor Edward Olney, the eminent mathematician, aged 60 years. *January 17th*.—In New York, Calvin Burr, real estate owner, etc., aged 97 years. *January 18th*.—In New York, Professor E. L. Youmans, author and scientist, aged 66 years; in West Troy, N. Y., Edward A. Mency, manufacturer of bells and chimes, aged 59 years; in Cambridge, Mass., George C. Howard, actor, aged 67 years; in Steelville, Mo., J. J. Upchurch, founder of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, aged 67 years; in Washington, D. C., Bishop R. H. Cain, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, aged 62 years. *January 20th*.—In Buffalo, N. Y., John L. Talcott, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court; in Aiken, S. C., Samuel E. Lyon, a well-known New York lawyer, aged 71 years; in Baltimore, Md., Paymaster W. N. Watnough, United States Navy. *January 21st*.—In Washington, D. C., Mrs. Voorhees, wife of Senator Voorhees, aged 65 years.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IN Minneapolis last year over 4,000 buildings were erected, at a cost of \$11,000,000.

THE business failures in the United States during 1886 numbered 10,563, against 11,116 during the preceding year.

SIGNS of coming war continue to multiply in Europe. The preparations are especially noticeable in Austria and Germany.

COMMANDER DAY, of the United States ship *Mohican*, has secured a prehistoric stone image from Easter Island for the Smithsonian Institute.

THE Dominion Parliament has been dissolved, and a general election ordered for February 22d. Both the Liberals and the Sir John Macdonald party are confident of success.

THE mortgage on the home of Mrs. Logan, in Washington, D. C., amounting to \$13,000, has been paid by Chicago friends of the dead Senator. The Logan Fund has reached a total of \$65,000.

THE British Tories propose to put their Irish legislation through the House of Commons by gagging the minority with the "cloture"—equivalent to the previous question in American practice.

THE income tax returns for the past year show that Krupp, the gun manufacturer, pays taxes on \$1,250,000, the highest income of any individual in Germany. Herren Rothschild and Bleichroder rank next, with about \$625,000 each.

THE Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of England, has granted a warrant for the formation of an Anglo-American lodge in England, for the purpose of affording Americans resident there the facilities of the Order.

INTERVIEWS with leading Knights of Labor in various parts of the country show that while there is much dissatisfaction with the general officers, there is little danger of a revolt. It is not probable that a special session of the General Assembly will be called.

THE Royal Thames Yacht Club Committee of the Jubilee Race has arranged the ocean course for the Thousand Guinea Prize. It will be around Great Britain and Ireland. The distance is 2,000 miles, with the likelihood of every variety of winds, tides, currents, and local or cyclonic storms.

A GRAND ARMY committee of Boston has sent \$788 to Mayor Courtney of Charleston, S. C., with a request that it be placed in the hands of the managers of the home for mothers, widows and daughters of the Confederate soldiers of that city, in behalf of the Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R.

PROMINENT citizens of all the Southern Coast cities have united in a call for a convention to be held at De Funiak Springs, Fla., a central and convenient point to convene, on February 8th, 1887, to counsel as to the best method of securing protection to our coast, based upon modern requirements.

AN Iowa correspondent corrects our statement that the manufacture of wooden shoes as carried on at Clymer, N. Y., is the only industry of the kind in the United States. He informs us that the town of Pella, Marion County, Iowa, has a manufactory devoted exclusively to the production of wooden shoes.

THE upper house of the Prussian Diet has unanimously adopted an address to Emperor William expressing the willingness of the Prussian people to vote the means necessary for defending the German Empire. Meanwhile, the various parties in Germany are actively preparing for the elections.

IN furtherance of the Indian civilizing policy of the Government, an agreement has been made with the tribes on the Fort Berthold Reservation, in Dakota, by which over 1,600,000 acres are ceded to the Government, to be thrown open to settlers. In return, the Government is to pay \$800,000, or less than fifty cents an acre, payment to be made in annual installments of \$80,000, to be expended in aiding the Indians to become civilized, educated and self-supporting.

IT is announced that arrangements have been made to hold an exhibition of American products at Mannheim, in Baden, in the Autumn. Illustrations of life in America will also be presented, and the exhibition is especially intended to show what Germans have done to promote culture and business enterprise in the United States. The committee having the matter in charge is composed of the leading citizens of Mannheim. The exhibition, which the management hopes will become permanent, will be entitled, "The Central Museum of American Products."

A NEW device for heating passenger-cars is being tested on the Pennsylvania Railroad, in which the special object sought is lessening the danger of fire in case of accident. The greater portion of the apparatus is placed underneath the floor in the centre of the car. It is so securely shut in that it is difficult if not impossible for any of the burning coals to escape. It contains twenty gallons of water, and is heated by hard coal. Two steam pipes extend along each side of the car, a branch being carried under each seat. The hot air is also utilized, and passes through a register in the floor of the car.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND last week sent a message to Congress concerning the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Federal Constitution. The message is regarded by the Philadelphia *Times* as "a remarkable composition. It contains 294 words, comprised in four sentences. The first sentence contains 78 words; the second, 16; the third, 29; and the fourth, no less than 171 words. This record has seldom been surpassed. Anybody can write a sentence of 171 words, but not everyone can write a sentence of that length that shall be entirely grammatical and entirely clear. The President has done this, and apparently without effort. Such an achievement shows a good head."

THE House of Representatives has passed, by a vote of 179 to 76, the Bill pensioning disabled and dependent soldiers and sailors, and dependent parents of soldiers and sailors. It applies to the veterans of any war—the Semirude, Black Hawk, Mexican, and War of the Rebellion—and gives a uniform allowance of \$12 a month from the time of the passage of the Bill. The estimated cost of the Bill, should it become a law, is \$6,000,000 a year at the most. It may easily be \$100,000,000. The House has also concurred in the Senate amendments to the Mexican Pension Bill, which, it is estimated by the Pension Office, will provide for 48,908 pensionable persons, and if that number should apply it will require an annual expenditure of about \$5,000,000.





NEW YORK.—HON. FRANK HISCOCK, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT.  
PHOTO. BY BELL.

HON. FRANK HISCOCK,  
UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM NEW YORK.

THE Senatorial struggle in the New York Legislature, which at one time threatened to be bitter and prolonged, was suddenly terminated on Wednesday last by the nomination of the Hon. Frank Hiscock. Up to this time, the Hon. Warner Miller had the lead, but lacked one or two votes of a majority over Mr. Levi P. Morton, with 36 votes, and Mr. Hiscock, with 11. On the day named, the first ballot in the Republican caucus resulted as follows: Warner Miller, 46; Levi P. Morton, 36; Frank Hiscock, 11. The sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth ballots resulted the same. Ex-Speaker of the Assembly Erwin then withdrew the name of Levi P. Morton. This was a great surprise, Mr. Erwin's speech being listened to with profound attention and silence.

The seventeenth ballot resulted as follows: Miller, 46; Hiscock, 47. By agreement it required 48 votes to nominate in any event. These were given on the eighteenth ballot, when Hiscock had a

total of 50, to 43 for Miller. The nomination was at once made unanimous, and on the following day Mr. Hiscock was duly elected.

Mr. Hiscock has been for many years a conspicuous figure in State and National affairs. He was born at Pompey, September 6th, 1834; received an academic education, studied law, was admitted to the Bar in 1855, and began to practice at Tully, Onondaga County. He was elected District Attorney of the county in 1860, and served until 1863. He was a member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1867, and was elected to the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses by flattering majorities. He has served on the Committees of Ways and Means, and Rules, and the Commission on Ordnance and Gunnery. He has many of the qualities of leadership, and has, in fact, more than any one else been the leader of the Republicans in the House. While the return of Senator Miller was, as it seems to us, desirable, in view of his influential position and usefulness, Mr. Hiscock's selection is altogether acceptable so far as ability and character are concerned. It will take him time to acquire the high position in the Senate which he holds in the House, but if he shall address himself earnestly to the questions which press for consideration, he can easily acquire a commanding influence. The Philadelphia Press, commenting on the result, says, with a good deal of truth: "Mr. Miller drops out of the Senate, but not out of the muster of political forces. Yet on the sunny side of fifty, in the full vigor of his powers, with great staying qualities, and with a talent for organization which has been shown in many battles, and which has just barely missed in the best contested Senatorial battle of years, those who count him out in their future calculations will make a mistake. He and his friends have made a gallant fight, and they can most cheerfully accept the result."

#### THE LATE GENERAL WILLIAM B. HAZEN.

GENERAL WILLIAM BABCOCK HAZEN, Chief Signal Officer of the Army and head of the Weather Bureau, died suddenly, on Sunday evening, the 16th inst., of blood-poisoning, superinduced by diabetes. He was born in West Hartford, Vt., on September 27th, 1830. His parents moved to Huron, O., in 1833. He entered the West Point Military Academy, September 1st, 1851, was graduated therefrom July 1st, 1855, and appointed a brevet Second-lieutenant in the Fourth United States Infantry. He saw a great deal of frontier life in scouting and fighting the Indians in the Territories and Texas from 1856 to 1859. In his last Indian campaign he was severely wounded, and disabled for several months. In April, 1860, he was appointed Assistant Professor of Infantry Tactics at the West Point Academy. During the late war he served on the Ohio frontier, in Kentucky and Tennessee. On the 6th of January, 1862, he was appointed to command the Nineteenth Brigade of the Army of the Ohio. He moved with General Buell's army to Pittsburg Landing, took an active part in the battle at that place, and afterwards served in Northern Alabama until ordered to assume command of the post of Murfreesboro. In May, 1862, he was appointed Brigadier-general, but the appointment was not confirmed until after the battle of Stone River, in which General Hazen's brigade was hotly engaged and rendered extremely valuable service.

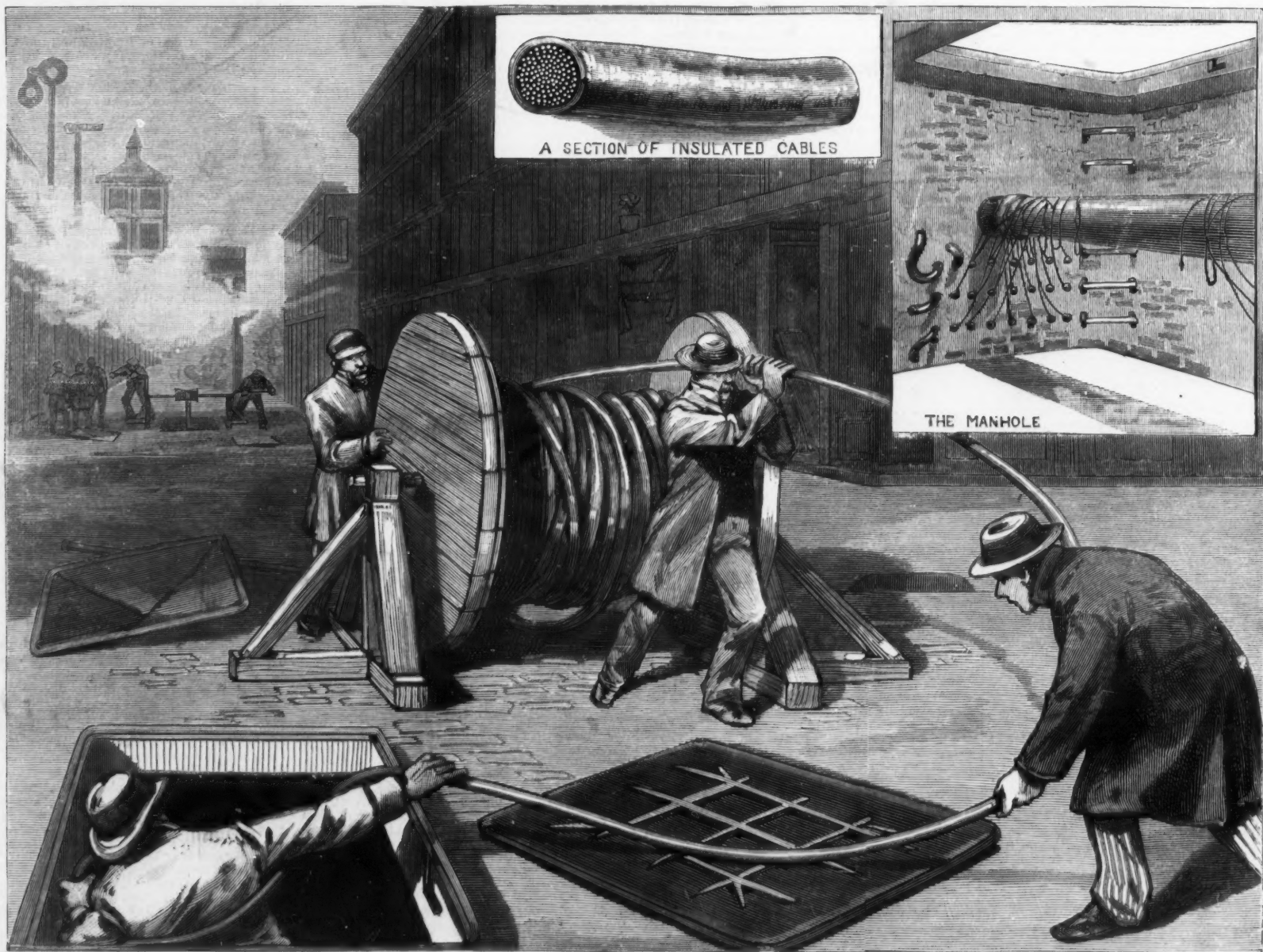
General Hazen took a prominent part in the bloody battle of



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE LATE GENERAL WM. B. HAZEN, CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER.  
PHOTO. BY RICE.

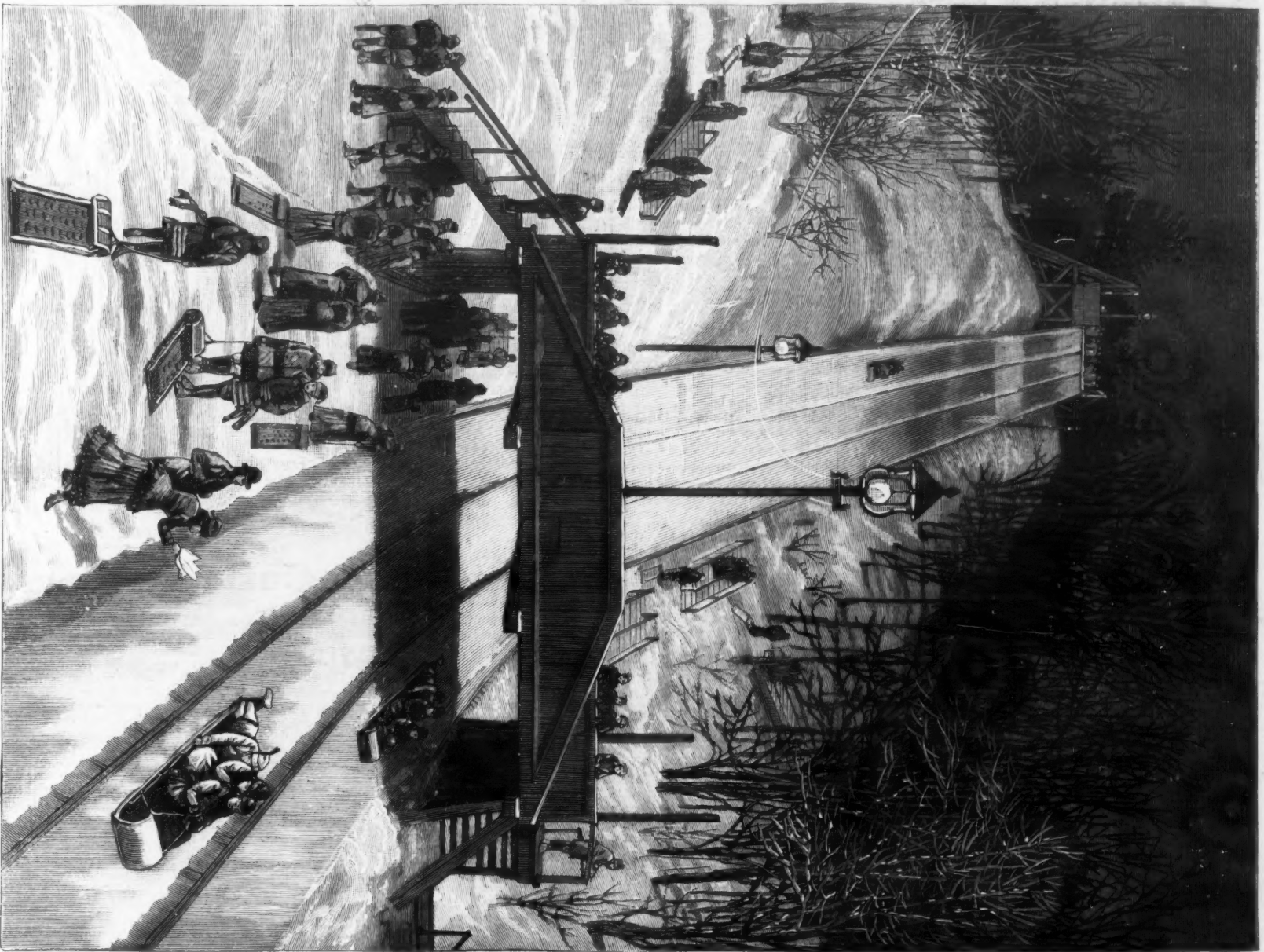
Chickamauga, September 19th and 20th, 1863, and the skirmish at Rossville, Ga. He was engaged in the operations about Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, the capture of an Alabama regiment at Missionary Ridge, and the subsequent pursuit of Longstreet. Until March, 1864, General Hazen was engaged in marching, countermarching and skirmishing in East Tennessee. On the 17th of August he was transferred to the Army of the Tennessee, and placed in command of the Second Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps. His division took part in the Georgia campaign, and was engaged with the enemy at Statesboro, on the Oconee River, and again at the Cannouchee River.

In December, after the arrival of General Sherman before Savannah, it became necessary for him to open communication in some way with the sea. General Hazen's division was sent to capture Fort McAllister, which commanded the river and inlet through which General Sherman hoped to get supplies. Nine regiments, under General Hazen's command, advanced to the charge, stormed the fort in less than five minutes, and captured twenty-four pieces of ordnance and the entire garrison. General Hazen was appointed

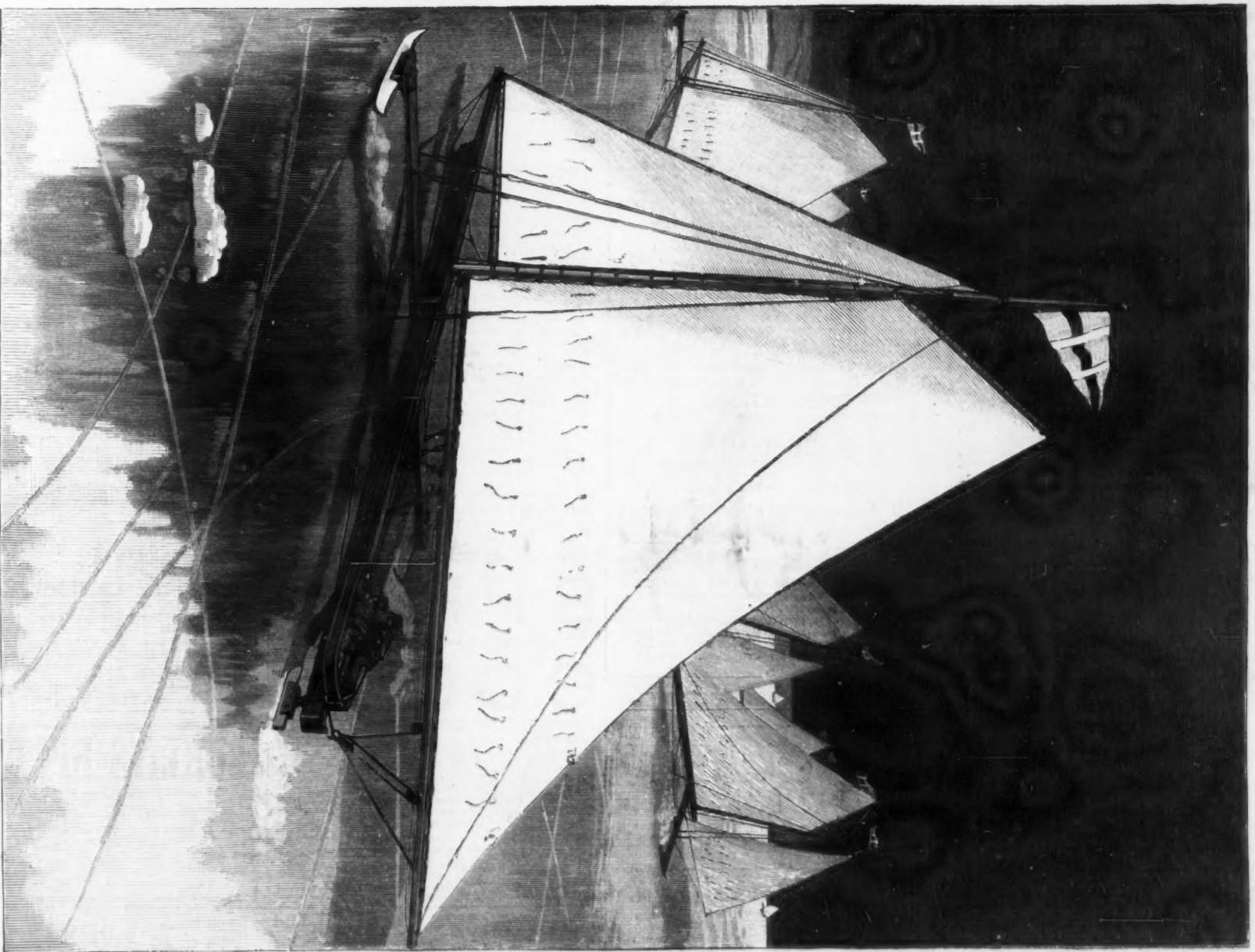


NEW YORK CITY.—THE UNSIGHTLY TELEGRAPH POLES SUPPLANTED.—BURYING THE ELECTRIC WIRES IN THE DORSETT CONDUIT ON SIXTH AVENUE.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 411.





NEW YORK.—WINTER SPORTS AT SARATOGA.—THE TOBOGGAN-SLIDE.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY RECORD & EPLER.—SEE PAGE 411.



NEW YORK.—ICE-YACHTING AT ROOSEVELT'S POINT, ON THE HUDSON.—THE CHAMPION STOOP "NORTHERN LIGHT."  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 411.



and confirmed Major-general, to date from the capture of Fort McAllister, and on the 19th of May, 1865, he was appointed by the President to command the Fifteenth Army Corps, on account of long-continued service of the highest character and for special gallantry. He was commissioned Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Regular Infantry, and afterward of the Sixth, and during the Russo-Turkish war in 1877-8 he was United States Attaché at Vienna. In December, 1880, General Hazen was appointed Chief Signal Officer in place of General Meyer, deceased, with the rank of Brigadier-general, which position he held up to the time of his death. During General Hazen's administration he fitted out the ill-starred Greely Arctic Expedition in 1881.

General Hazen was a brother-in-law to John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, whose sister he married some eleven years ago. His remains were temporarily interred at Oak Hill Cemetery, pending the return of Mrs. Hazen and her ten-year-old son from Paris. The final interment will probably be made at Huron, O., General Hazen's old home. It is said that one of the results of General Hazen's death will be the transfer of the Signal Service from the War to the Interior Department. This would have been accomplished long ago, but for consideration of General Hazen's services in almost re-creating the Signal Service, and for his natural opposition to such transfer.

#### BARBOUR'S FLAX THREADS.

The increased interest which has been developed in our country of late years in decorative art, and what in fancy-work trenches on its domain, shows an advance in the right direction in the refining, the beautiful, and consequently the virtuous, the purifying and the ennobling. In the æsthetic tendency now so happily apparent the making of lace has not only become an agreeable pastime for ladies of wealth and leisure, but it bids fair, with present encouragement, to become one of the most important industries. Already in New York there is a regularly established school for teaching lace-making, in which many of the most celebrated of the old points have been revived; and there is no reason, with the threads of the Barbour Brothers at hand—than which none better or more beautiful are to be found in any European manufactory—why we may not make in America lace equal to the most beautiful of Italy, the Netherlands, France, Spain, England or Ireland. The BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY were awarded by the International Jury of the Paris Exhibition the GRAND PRIZE OF HONOR of the Linen Section of Great Britain, for distinguished excellence in linen threads and yarns of all kinds—the only Grand Prize given to Ireland; and indeed the only distinction of the kind awarded to any thread manufacturer in the world. Established originally at the Hidden Mills, Lisburn, Ireland, the Barbours have also mills at Sprucefield, Hillsborough, County Down, Ireland, and the Passaic Flax Mills and the Ulster Flax Mills at Paterson, New Jersey, in our own country. Their threads in lace-making are adapted to the Russian, (lunz guipure, Alsace (or Antique, as better known in America), crocheted and knitted laces; and their Macramé threads have almost a world-wide celebrity. Beautiful specimens of crocheted and knitted laces have been made of their shoe threads; while they have threads as specially adapted to the delicate designs of the crocheted and the knitting needles as are their splendid linen twines for Macramé work. Fashion is both contagious and imperious; and with the dainty little desk for Macramé lace-making—which can be carried out for a social morning call on a friend, and used on the lap—the lace pillow, the crocheted and the knitting needles, the time which has hitherto been heavily on fair hands will be utilized with pleasure and profit as the result; the Flax Threads that we commend furnishing the means to the desired end. Besides the threads manufactured for lace-making, the Barbours have produced Royal Irish Silk Threads in various colors for the stitching or tracery embroidery now so fashionable (and by which the most pleasing pictures are wrought, Floss or Flourishing Threads, Shoe Threads, Tailors' Threads, Flax Machine Threads, Sewing Machine Threads, Carpet Threads, Saddlers' Threads, Glove Threads, Bookbinders' Threads, Gilling Threads, Seine Threads, Sail Twine, Linen Yarn, and threads for all known practical purposes. With their American Headquarters at 218 Church Street, New York, and establishments in San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Philadelphia and Paterson, the Barbours have agencies in London and Manchester in England; Glasgow, Scotland; Dublin, Ireland; Paris, Hamburg, Brussels, Amsterdam, Madrid, Milan and Naples, in Europe; and Montreal, in Canada; also in Melbourne and Sydney, Australia.

#### FUN.

THE Congressional Record will be with us again soon. By the way, the peculiar style in which the Record is wrapped makes it an excellent weapon with which to smash cockroaches. —New Haven News.

A PHILADELPHIA doctor has prepared a treatise entitled, "The predisposition of mankind towards the use of the right leg and right arm." It would be bad now if mankind were predisposed to the use of the wrong leg and the wrong arm. —Berkon Post.

"A stretch in time saves nine." A bottle of Dr. BULL'S CORN STARCH saves large doctors' bills. "Kings may be blest," but Sam was glorious. Over at the hills o' life victorious. He rode to town, his silver spent, for SALVATION OIL, the liniment.

A FOND father has a fair daughter at boarding-school. An old teacher of the girl met the father and asked: "Is your daughter making progress in her school work?" "I should judge she is," replied the fond father: "why, she has one grammar that cost \$11." —Buffalo Express.

#### SOUVENIRS.

We have recently seen in pamphlet form a beautiful little keepsake issued by MESSRS. YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN. It embraces simply pictures illustrative of their perfumery—where it goes and by whom it is used. These scenes are all of a domestic nature, and the illustrations are beautifully gotten up in rare and original designs, and calculated to please and interest people of elegance and refinement.

#### THE GOOD REPUTATION

OF BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, For the relief of Coughs, Colds and Throat Diseases, has given them a favorable notoriety. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says: "I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except I think yet better of that which I began by thinking well of." Sold only in boxes.

We have had satisfactory dealings with Dr. George A. Scott for several years past, and have no doubt of his responsibility, and none that his Electric Goods are as represented, and good value for the money.

The best regulator of digestive organs and the best appetizer known is ANGIOTON BITTERS. Try it, but beware of imitations. Get from your grocer or druggist the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

#### A Ghost

Is a myth, but solid reality will be known by those who write to HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine, thereby learning, free, about work that they can do, and live at home, wherever they reside, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co. will start you. All is new. Delay not. Pay absolutely sure from start. Wealth awaits every worker. Both sexes. All ages.

#### AN INTERVIEW

WITH EX-SENATOR ALBERT MERRITT, HEAD OF THE GREAT FRUIT CO., 83 AND 85 PARK PLACE, N. Y.

"THERE are a few things that I believe in with all my heart and strength, and it affords me pleasure to tell of one of them." The speaker was Mr. Albert Merritt, of the above firm, and the scene his office. "Some time ago, when visiting Poughkeepsie, N. Y., I was suffering from urinary and digestive trouble. Through the inactivity of both liver and kidneys I was sick from head to foot, and feared that I had become permanently one of the multitude who are fated to endure the tortures of dyspepsia, added to the still more dangerous affection of the urinary organs. I was in this condition when a relative said to me: 'Why don't you try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy?'"

"I did so, and it did what I call deep work. It went to the very root and source of the trouble. Continuing its use and discarding everything else, I grew steadily better. I could eat and digest; I could sleep and arise refreshed; I could work with a clearer head, and my friends and my mirror agreed in assuring me that the yellow, livid color of my skin had given place to the tones that announce pure blood, and every organ of the body in healthy action; and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is honestly entitled to the undivided credit of it."

"If any one seeing this has an atom of doubt about the sincerity and truth of my statements, let him write to me or call upon me, and I will convince him. My family and my employees soon became as thoroughly converted to faith in Favorite Remedy as I was myself. For bilious headache, indigestion, and all the ailments we are subject to, Favorite Remedy is our sole and unfailing resort."

"I can give you the names and addresses of fifty personal friends who affirm, as I do, from absolute knowledge and experience, that Favorite Remedy, made and sold by Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., has been to them a help and a blessing in time of need. If I could command the proper words I would say more. You can't possibly exaggerate my admiration for the medicine nor my respect for its proprietor as a physician and as a man."

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### ★ A LADY'S STORY. ★

Sitting in the pleasant parlor of her house in Saugerties, N. Y., Mrs. Catharine A. Wigram, a lady past seventy-five years, told to the writer the following story: "I suffered with a painful tumor, also with constipation and rheumatism, kidney trouble and dropsy. However, better days were in store for me. My physician induced me to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy."

#### To Those Who Suffer From

These complaints, as I have, the result will be interesting, and for their sake I relate my experience. I had not used quite a bottle before the rheumatism in the hip and the kidney and dropsical trouble was relieved. Considering my advanced age I am fairly well; and I am assured by my physician, and know for myself, that my recovery is honestly attributed to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I know Dr. Kennedy personally, and had from the beginning all the more confidence in Favorite Remedy." J. H. Bilyou, Hyde Park, N. Y., says: "As a cure for

#### RHEUMATISM,

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has no equal. This I know from experience. For all bilious complaints there is nothing like it among all the medicines I ever used or know of."

Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for his book on Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders. Mention this paper.

**Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**  
♦ Rondout, N. Y. All Druggists, \$1; 6 for \$5. ♦

#### HALE'S HONEY

OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. 3 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

**WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA**  
The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. W. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

#### Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of Fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



## The Seven Cuticura Boys.

These seven beautiful boys owe their beauty of skin, luxuriance of hair, purity of blood, and freedom from hereditary taint or humors to the celebrated CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Thousands of children are born into the world every day with some eczematous affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning, and disfigurement of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, with a little CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Your most valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with Eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest. ANTON BOSSMER, Edinburgh, Ind.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

**BABY'S** Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

**SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.**

**EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA**

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873. C. WEIS, Mr. of Meerschmied Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc. Wholesale & Retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N.Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., and Vienna, Austria. Sterling silver-mounted Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.

**AGENTS** Wanted Ladies or Men, full particulars & sample of goods free. Send 4 cts. for postage. W. C. GIBSON & CO., Centerbrook, Ct.

## Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites

THE BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. Cures all Weaknesses and Nervous Derangements. Used by all Physicians. DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL, \$1. 50 WEST TWENTY-FIFTH ST., NEW YORK.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old, was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched, and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. The effect was simply marvelous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion, your valuable remedies saved his life, and to-day he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.

GEO. B. SMITH,

Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashland, O. REFERENCE: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

One year ago the CUTICURA and SOAP cured a little girl in our house of the worst sore head we ever saw, and the RESOLVENT and CUTICURA are now curing a young gentleman of a sore leg, while the physicians are trying to have it amputated. It will save his leg.

S. B. SMITH & BRO., Covington, Ky.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

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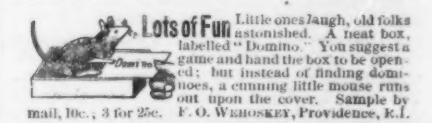
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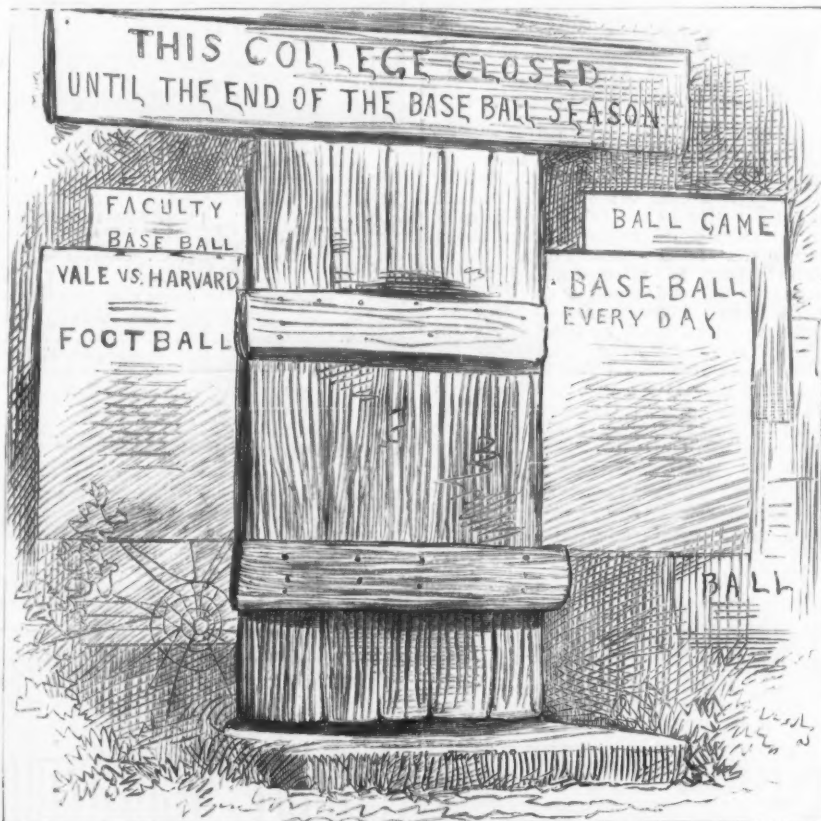


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